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[Written for the Dollar Newspaper.—Philada.]

TO MY SISTER.

BY A. H. F.

What shall be my last desires
Ere this mortal life expires,
And my soul, dissolved from clay,
Sinful, moid'ring clay,
Rises to its home of day?

Sister, may your kind, sweet word
In the quiet room be heard—
In the chamber where my soul,
Trembling, trusting soul,
Waits death's sure and stern control.

Sister, may your mild, sweet face
That reflects each heavenly grace
Of thy spirit's inner life,
Pure and lovely life,
Shine in that last hour of strife.

Sister, may I not sustain
All the shadows and the pain
That the Saviour shall prepare,
Wisely shall prepare,
If thy word and look are there?

Sister, may thy presence be,
Then a constant joy to me;
Soothed away shall be all care,
All distrustful care,
If thy word and look are there!

Sister, then, O may you share
With me one sweet hour of prayer!
For I know that He would hear,
Yes, that Christ would hear
You, sweet sister, when so near!

Brunswick, Ills., Feb. 28, 1863.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

WANTED.

BY JOSEPH P. BEAN.

I want a wife, domestic, good and pure,
Who, with a smile, can meet me at the door.
I want a wife who has a temper sweet,
But who can spirit show when it is meet;
Who can her tongue *control*; her own faults see,
And kindly speak of those she sees in me.

I want a wife, a woman God has made,
But do not want a wife in way of trade,
For money ne'er can buy a heart of love,
Or give to home a taste of heaven above;
It ne'er can give that peace and sweet content
Which heaven to loving hearts alone has lent.

I want a wife who has a heart to give,
That she within my own may ever live;
A wife to live for, one to live for me,
That in this life as *one* we may agree;
One, who, when fortune frowns shall truly prove,
That frowning fortune strengthens woman's love.

Bethel, Ill.

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

JOHN GLENNY,

OF PLEASANT VALLEY.

A TALE.

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILADA.

BY MRS. TAMAR DAVIS.

CHAPTER I.

Oh, sunshine and fair earth.—*Hemans.*

When earth is all so beautiful—when the sunlight falls alike o'er mountain and valley—when the warm, voluptuous heaven bends over all—when the freshness of spring, the glory of summer, the matured pomp of autumn, and the grand sublimity of winter come to all places in their turn—when the magnificence of night, the beauty of morning and evening, the freshness of a thousand delicious scents, the resplendence of innumerable hues, and the exquisite breathings of nature's ever-varying melodies lend their charms alike to the desert or the homes of men—why should we talk of a pleasant valley, or far-off scene, since the very spirit of beauty is living and breathing everywhere around us? Why—because the heart treasures the remembrance of one sweet valley more delightful than all others—a valley where the roses seemed fresher, the waters cooler, the song of the birds sweeter, the gales more delicious than anywhere else—a valley surrounded by hills of green and beautiful verdure, by woods soft and shadowy—a valley of meadows, and cornfields, and pleasant homes, where great white cows luxuriated amid clover blossoms, and troops of girls went out singing to gather berries.

At one time or another in his life, each one has seen such a valley; sometimes the hours of childhood are spent there, sometimes we get a glimpse of it in boyhood, sometimes it charms and blesses our maturity, but it is always a bright spot to which memory delights to turn. A bright spot in life—then life is not always bright. Nature luxuriates in change, she glories in variety. Even the summer days wear different faces; they are like a group of maidens, all beautiful, all perfect, yet no two alike. So life is dear, and sweet, and pleasant in all its phases, though how dissimilar and variable its phases are. There is a life of the soul, a world of fancy and feeling, of thought and sensation, inner, secret, spiritual. There are emotions in this life, the most exquisite, joyous and radiant that ever visit man. By their side all other joys are poor and commonplace. The memory alone of them is sweeter than all after pleasures. They belong to the spring of life—to its April scenes of bloom and promise, and cheering. They are holy and blessed spirits, who, with the purity and beauty of a happier sphere, come once to us in that early morning, and come not again. The exceeding joy which they bring into human life has no utterance except in poetry. All that is purest, most delicate and cheerful in nature become their fitting expression. The fragrance of roses and apple-blossoms, the song of thrushes and nightingales, the richness of summer harvests, the sparkle and flow of waters, the shimmer of moonlight and the unapproachable glory of the stars, the radiances of spring sunshine, all the sweetness and gaiety of the outer world are their language. Even the hearts of the poor and ignorant swell with those overflowing joys which they vainly long to express. It breathes in music and songs, it lives in the dance; it is too spiritual for words, too subtle for language. Like the imponderable agencies of nature, we perceive its manifestation, we feel its influence, and that is all.

There would be no joy like our joy were it given to us to utter these delicate and evanescent sentiments. Could we only express in their fullness all the joyfulness and gracefulness of youth, all the pleasures of love, all the gaiety, and frolic, and blithesomeness of the morning of life—could we show, just as they are, the light-hearted, merry children, so enraptured with novelty, the lithe, springing forms of youths and maidens, all hope and blissful anticipation—could we only give utterance to the holiness and purity of a first affection, the luxury and abandon of a happy heart to those never-to-be-forgotten memories and insatiable longings which alone, once felt, can make the meanest life beautiful, and of which the slightest traces and associations are more delicious than all succeeding enjoyments, how pleasant would be our task, how sweet the delineation of character, how exquisite the description of scenes in which nature, the mighty mother, would hold a conspicuous part.

CHAPTER II.

TWENTY-ONE.

"The flowers are fair and the skies are bright,
For thy hopes are fresh, and thy heart is light."

It was, indeed, a bright day to John Glenny. Never before had nature to him worn such a beautiful, a triumphant aspect. Never before had he walked abroad with such a sense of independence swelling in his heart, and speaking in his erect attitude and the motion of his limbs. It was the month of fruit blossoms, and every gale shook an ambrosial shower from the trees, and dallied with the budding branches, in which the birds were building their nests. All was promise in nature, all was hope and expectation in his heart. Decay found no place in one, nor memory in the other. It was to him the day of days; he almost fancied it the one day of his existence, for which all his past days had been made. Certainly it was the day on which his thoughts had dwelt for years and years, around which his hopes had centred, to which the impulses of his being had gravitated. That day he was twenty-one—he was free. No one but an American, who drinks freedom as the air he breathes, and to whom the name is familiar as mother, can conceive the joy and exultation of that period when the true narrative of life is just commencing. To him the kindness of parents and guardians, or the blessings and comforts of a home can rarely atone for the fact that he is "under age," in what he is pleased to denominate a state of bondage. He must go at another's bidding, he must be subject to another's will, he must depend on another rather than himself, and he chafes under the restraint like a young eagle, fiery and eager to mount the heights of empyreum. Wherefore wonder—the spirit of our people only partakes the character of the scenes in which it is nurtured. It is wild, impulsive, unrestrainable, even as the rivers are matchless, the plains vast, the mountains sublime.

John Glenny's boyhood had partaken largely of those feelings which characterize the inner spiritual life. His soul had been soothed and hushed like one listening to a tale—a marvellous fiction always charming because new, though sometimes sad. His spirit world was heroic; its inhabitants were myths; its scenes were those beheld in dreams; it had voices, shadowy forms and sounds of mysterious import. Even nature borrowed a radiance not her own from the brightness of his imagination. Her woods were darker, her hills more wonderful, her rocks steeper and more jagged, her fountains cooler, her fruits more delicious. What a heaven was that he looked on when the moon came out round and full in the nights of June. How his heart trembled and thrilled with a sense of its unutterable beauty, how he longed for words to give that sense expression. Twenty-one! Elf-land lay behind him, he was going to begin life in earnest; he was approaching the shores of Reality. Beautiful, indeed, they look in the distance; soft blue, delicious, there is a cloud, but a rainbow crowns it; there are hills, but the precipices, the pitfalls, the thorns and the serpents are concealed by a delicately-woven veil of flowers. In the warm sunshine we see a tossing of crimson branches and a fall of tempting fruit, and imagine the ambrosia that, once tasted, renders immortal. We catch glimpses of silver lines, and fancy the roll of living waters. Thousands have fancied that, on reaching these shores, all danger would be past; that they should neither hunger nor thirst more, and thrice ten thousands have found many a dark, deep wilderness—many a river of cold, black sorrow—many a cup whose draught was death. Reality, indeed, has joys, but they must be earned before tasted; the hills must be climbed before the laurels can be plucked.

John Glenny had been what the world calls a good boy; he was an upright, intelligent, honest, well-meaning young man. He was clear of vices as the noon-day of darkness; his faults were venial, and chiefly incidental to the human nature. He had resided with his parents until he was eighteen; then he went from home to learn the carpenter's trade and prepare himself for the active duties of life. He had no idea of staying on the farm where three generations of his fathers had lived before him. We think it is a fault, though nothing is more common in our day, that he was impatient under the slight restraint that his good father's presence imposed, and decidedly averse to listen to the gentle and unobtrusive advice of his mother. Perhaps, however, this was simply a trait of American character. Children in our country are permitted to think and act for themselves at an age when in Europe they would scarcely be out of the nursery. John Glenny never swaggered and talked politics with ugly, ragged boys in the street; never lounged in the stores and hallooed at the passers-by, he was too well-bred for that; he neither smoked nor chewed tobacco, to his credit be it spoken; but his good qualities, of which he was conscious he possessed many, added to his natural self-esteem a large amount of self-complacency.

He knew as well as anybody—why shouldn't he? Experience was not so much, after all. He had seen many old men make great blunders. Many young men had taken fame and fortune by storm—of course he could take care of himself; of course he could.

CHAPTER III.

WEDDINGS.

"Weddings are usually the occasion of great joy or great sorrow."

"Mother, I am going to be married to-morrow."

"Impossible, John!"

"Yes, I am."

"To whom?"

"Emma Augusta Lathrop—isn't it a beautiful name, mother?"

"The name is good enough; but, my son, I would rather see you carried to the grave."

"Don't be foolish, mother."

"I am not; but that self-conceited, poverty-stricken, proud creature, of whom we know nothing; she may have a husband now for what you know—she looks to me like a married woman."

Be it known this was the first time Mrs. Glenny had ever seriously controverted an inclination of her son.

"You will like her better when you become acquainted with her," he said, soothingly.

"I doubt it much. She is the very antipode of the girl I fancied you would choose at some future day, if you married at all."

"Well, there is no use of talking now. To-morrow we are to be married."

The mother said no more. The young man looked happy, and he felt happy; it was well that he should.

The bride had stipulated that the wedding should be strictly private; the bridegroom would have preferred a feast and festivity, but he thought of his mother, and yielded without a murmur. Emma averred that she hated publicity, that noise and confusion nearly drove her wild; she wished to go to the minister's house and be privately married, and to the minister's house they went. They were met at the door by another bridal party, just coming out. The bridegroom started, stared, looked wildly around, and then advanced towards Emma with a bow and smile of recognition, holding out his hand. She gasped, and stood for a moment like one petrified.

"Don't you recollect me, Lydia?" he inquired.

"My name is not Lydia," she said, in a strangely altered tone of voice, "and I'm sure I recollect nothing of you."

"Strange, anyhow; if you are not Lydia Sherman, I never saw two women so strongly resemble each other."

Emma paid no attention to this remark, but passed with her lover into the house.

A few appropriate remarks, with a short prayer, preceded the interesting ceremony, of which the bridegroom's parents and two or three guests of the house acted as witnesses; one of these, Mr. Smirch, was an elderly gentleman, remarkably whimsical and absent-minded.

"Will you please step here, and sign this certificate?" said Elder Beverly.

"With all my heart," said Smirch, advancing and receiving the pen from the clergyman's hand.

"Of course, you can write?" said the clergyman, surprised at his dubious and hesitating manner.

"Certainly I can write my name, when I can think of it," answered Smirch, absorbed apparently in the deepest study. Politeness alone restrained the smile that sat on the countenance of Elder Beverly.

"Here," said the Elder, "let me write it for you."

"No, no;" replied Smirch, still holding the pen immovable. "I can write it well enough when I can remember what it is."

The idea of a man forgetting his own name struck old Mr. Glenny as something excessively ridiculous. He burst into a loud and explosive fit of laughter. Whether or not this assisted to recall the wandering memory of Mr. Smirch it is impossible to say; at any rate he mustered ability to add his signature, and the whole being concluded, the wedding party retired as they had come.

"A pretty good morning's work," said Elder Beverly, pocketing the fee. "Sally, my love, you shall have a new dress."

"Hush, papa, they will hear you," said the lady addressed, with a bright smile.

"They are far off by this time," he answered. "See, yonder they go across the fields."

"Who were those who came in the carriage?" inquired Miss Smirch. Now, Miss Smirch had been in the room every moment of time; she had seen the marriage ceremony performed. Wasn't it extraordinary that she should have forgotten their names?

"I should have given *you* credit for a better memory," said the Elder, emphasising the you, and looking archly at Mr. Smirch. "Let me see," he continued, "the gentleman gave his name as Clifford—Henry Clifford—that was it—and the lady's—bless me, what was the lady's name? I have forgotten, or I did not hear it—strange—where's my memorandum—I have it down—mother have you seen that memorandum?"

"No; I haven't seen it."

The desk was searched, the books overturned, the papers examined.

"It beats all," said Mrs. Beverly.

"The strangers carried it away," said Miss Smirch, giggling outright.

After the search had been abandoned as hopeless, Mr. Smirch just waked up to the fact of there being something lost. But, of course, he knew nothing about it—could not even form a conjecture—not he.

Most ladies, of any character at all, contrive to get up a reputation of some sort or another, which individualizes them in the social circle amid which they move. Miss Smirch was a lady of some little character; that is, she lived with much distinction in the estimation of her friends on the reputation of being so habitually pleasant, though she had never been troubled with an idea or a sensation since the day she was born. She was a little, plump, quiet, dark-skinned, smiling girl, wound up accurately to the performance of certain things at certain times. When the clock struck seven, she invariably left her bed; she would scarcely have considered it possible to rise a moment sooner; nothing but sickness would have detained her a moment later. Her toilet duties went on in complete and regular routine. She always occupied the same corner of the sofa, always sat in the same chair, always ate the same viands, and always assumed the same postures. She possessed an inexhaustible vocabulary of common-place phrases and expressions, which dribbled placidly from her lips on all occasions, always in the same quantity and of the same quality. Of a good, hearty laugh, she was entirely innocent, but she sometimes giggled, and always smiled—she smiled when she was overturned in the snow-drifts of January and got very cold; she smiled when she was out in a thunder-shower of July and got very wet; she smiled when told that a friend had been sunstruck, and smiled just as unmeaningly when told that her sister was recovering from a very severe illness. It was seldom, indeed, that the monotony of that everlasting smile was broken upon; seldom, indeed, that her sympathy took other modes of expression than "what a pity." Had she lived in France during the reign of terror, and seen the hundreds marshalled to the guillotine, she would have smiled and said simply, "what a pity." Once, when told that a certain person had fallen down a well, she smiled as usual, with "what a pity." "Oh, but they got him out," said the informant. There was no change in her countenance, and again she answered, "what a pity." Yet Miss Smirch was considered a very estimable person, so judicious, so even-tempered, such a well-regulated mind; without a touch of romance or poetry; just nice-looking enough, just well-dressed enough, just talkative enough, not a bit sentimental or masculine, never disposed to meddle with politics or interdicted subjects of any kind; not sufficiently beautiful or brilliant to excite the envy of the ambitious, but, on the whole, a very estimable person—very much so, indeed.

"I dare say the strangers carried it off. What a pity!" said Miss Smirch, referring, for the third time, to the lost memorandum.

"I'm sure I can't see what they could want of it," said the Elder. "Let 'em keep it, however, if it will do 'em any good. I'm not sure, mother, that I did just right in marrying them without they had given a fuller and better account of themselves. Can't be helped now, though, and the fee was certainly a large one—in good circumstances, I should guess."

CHAPTER IV.

Daddy has, and mamma has, but blessed be he who has of his own.—*Proverb.*

"What are you going to give John?" said old Mr. Norridge to the elder Glenny.

"Nothing," was the curt reply.

These men had been neighbors for many years. At least thirty summers they had gathered the new-mown hay, reaped the golden harvest, and tended the rustling corn in contiguous fields. It was pleasant to see their friendly meeting when, resting on the fence, at intervals of labor, they discussed the crops, the state of the weather, or the coming Presidential contest. Both were owners of fine farms, and surrounded by all the comforts, with some of the luxuries, of life. Both had been inured to toil and habits of the strictest economy in youth, and neither, though able to count his acres by hundreds and his property by thousands, felt disposed to relinquish one iota of what had been so hardly earned, and neither could be persuaded that less necessity existed for his own personal exertions. Both were conscientious, hard-headed, hard-handed, brave, stern, implacable, faithful, almost without sympathy, ungentle, prejudiced, rigid, but true to principle, sagacious and sincere. Such men would have been patriots in the Revolution, and would have idolized Thomas Jefferson as they almost worshipped the hero Gen. Andrew Jackson. Men of this sort are always averse to early marriages, especially where their own children are concerned, and the union likely to be consummated is a mere love-match. Mr. Glenny stoutly maintained that this practice was the prolific source of a thousand evils, among which he enumerated the premature decay of women, the fleshless, beardless, feminine-looking men, and the debilitated, sickly infants. "He had no patience," he said, "with those who seemed intent on debasing the physical conformation of the race." He even asserted that a legislative enactment, specifying a marriageable age and attaching a penalty to the infringement of it, was more necessary and would be more expedient and proper than those presuming to decide on the degrees of kindred to be observed.

"John has youth and health," said Mr. Glenny. "He has been brought up to work; he has a good trade; he should have waited two or three years, till he got something ahead. I told him so; I told him getting married was nothing, but he'd find it too late what getting a living was. I wouldn't have minded it so much, however, had his choice been a straightforward, honest, sensible, country girl; but that strange woman, whose age nobody knows, and who seems so loth to speak of her former life—I cannot bear it."

"But you saw them married," suggested Mr. Norridge.

"I know—I went just to please mother."

"Is she suited with the match?"

"No; but John is her only son."

"I reckon she'll set them up?"

"She'll give them a few things, probably."

Of course she would. The hard, stern man was well aware that neither indifference nor disobedience could congeal the pure fountain of a mother's love.

John, whose tastes were simple and home-like, and whose life had been chiefly spent among the breezy hills, rented a small house, resting on the brow of a hill, and overlooking a lovely rural scene denominated Pleasant Valley. The situation was decidedly picturesque. Woods shut in the prospect on two sides, an orchard, heavy with blossoms, extended back, and fields of clover and springing corn stretched away in the other direction. The house was small, but neat and convenient; it was furnished in the simplest manner possible; not an article of luxury, not a thing for show, not a piece of furniture that could be dispensed with. The walls were bare, the floors naked, the bed of straw, benches served for chairs, and the table was rude and unpainted. A pail, a tub, a pot, a tea-kettle, with a few cheap dishes, and some other trifling articles, completed the picture. Yet Glenny determined to be happy; that he was, who shall say?

CHAPTER V.

MRS. GLENNY.

I could not describe Mrs. Glenny if I tried, and so I shall not attempt it. She was not beautiful, but very fascinating; she was not young, but she possessed the charm of a ripened maturity; she was neither lively nor piquant, but her manner had a grace, her conversation a beauty altogether indescribable. There was a combination of the aspects of genius and ambition in her features. The arch of her white neck expressed character. The eyes, full and lustrous, seemed ever trying to penetrate some mystery, with a gaze of such concentrated depths of pride as to bewilder while it almost appalled. What there was in such a creature to attract the high-hearted young man it would have been difficult to discover. There was a mystery, too, about her former life which a more matured judgment must have considered objectionable. John Glenny had first seen and danced with her at a ball given in honor of an agricultural fair in a neighboring county. He was charmed, fascinated, not with her beauty, but her general appearance, more than all with her conversation, for she discoursed in a voice low and soft as melting music. The next week he was surprised, on entering the church, to meet her large, lustrous eyes gazing intently upon him. A sweet, magnetic influence ran thrilling through his frame. At intervals during the sermon these glances were renewed; when it was finished he sought her side.

"She was dependent on her own resources," she said, "and was looking for an opportunity to teach school."

Of her friends she said nothing; she was equally silent as to her past residence, and Glenny, with peculiar delicacy, forbore to question her; he placed entire confidence in her purity and truth, because his generous disposition was unused to harboring a shade of suspicion; his heart was genial as the spring and open as the day. He conceived that she might be unfortunate, he knew that she was poor—yet poverty was no crime, and misfortune should command pity. He made up his mind to be her friend; and while acting in this capacity became more. Whether it was sagely and wisely done, time will develope. She seemed to love her husband—we say seemed, because there was nothing like the fervor of early passion in her manner towards him, yet she deferred to his judgment; she was pleased with the home he had provided her; she still exerted her fascinations over his mind. Had his soul found its ideal? He would have sworn to the fact. The secret of woman's influence over man is one of the most mysterious in our nature. How insensibly she gives color to his thoughts, guides his opinions, and leads his will. Why is it? Because the ideal of his soul is a woman. The first face on whom his eyes opened in infancy was that of his mother with love deathless and unutterable depicted on every softened lineament. The first hand that guided the tottering steps was perhaps that of a tender and devoted sister—and thus on through every phase of life. Woman has comforted him in sorrow, solaced him in sickness. He dreams of Heaven, and its inhabitants are beautiful beings, with feminine forms and faces. He imagines a Paradise, but it contains an Eve. He can conceive no place on earth that her presence would not brighten, or that her absence would not render desolate. In his wife, John Glenny expected to find his ideal of purity, truth and goodness personified. Peaceful and quiet as he was, he would have deeply resented an insinuation to the contrary. Perhaps he expected too much of her—I think that he did.

Two months passed away—two short months. John Glenny returned one evening from the village. He brought a letter for his father, and with it the information that another, directed to Lydia Sherman, was lying in the office.

"The postmaster," he said, "knew of no such person. It seems strange," he continued; "you recollect the gentleman who accosted you at Elder Beverly's mistook you for her."

"I recollect," she answered.

"What is the matter?" inquired John, starting suddenly.

"Nothing, only a little faintness. Let me go to my room."

As she went, John stepped to the door and inquired if she wanted anything. The response was negative, in a low voice. The stars were shining brightly, and myriad insect voices made the night vocal. "I will just step over to father's with that letter," thought John. "Won't be gone five minutes," and putting on his hat, he started from the house, whistling as he went.

The letter superscribed to old Mr. Glenny was really intended for his wife. It commenced with, "Dear sister;" it ended with, "your affectionate brother, Henry Holcomb," but the word affectionate had been written and then erased, as if the writer doubted the propriety of its use. Most unaccountably the state of the weather, the crops, and such usual topics, had been purposely omitted or forgotten, though its details were sufficiently interesting.

"Our families have not been on the best terms," it began, "you know that as well as I; but I don't know, I can't tell why; I set down to write this to you; I don't know as you can assist me; I don't know as you would wish to, if you could. However, my daughter, and your niece, fourteen years old, has been acting certain womanly tricks, which I consider very unwomanly, and which, as her father, I mean to punish. The silly fool has been getting married, or she says so, to a fellow whose real name, I am told, is Sam Gwynne, though for several years he has borne the more euphonious one of Henry Clifford. What bothers me is, I cannot find out who married them. I question, indeed, if Amy knows. After all, the scoundrel may have been fooling her; shouldn't wonder if he had hired some fellow to personate a priest, but don't know. I think, however, that they came to your neighborhood, and the reason I think so is this, Amy inquired one day if Aunt Sarah didn't live at Pleasant Valley. 'Near there,' I answered. 'And there is a village near by, called Pleasant Hill, isn't there?' she continued. I said 'yes,' and asked why she thought of these places, to which she gave the answer of, 'oh, nothing,' as usual with women who desire to conceal and equivocate. Now, don't be frightened, Sarah—don't imagine that I am going to shoot my daughter, or any one else—though, indeed, I felt like shooting myself when I heard what the silly little fool had done—but I wish to ascertain what parson tied the knot, and then I will see what the law provides in such cases—that I will. Now, what I want of you is only this, but you must be very still about it, or they will take the hint; just inquire of all the preachers in the neighborhood about the couples they united two months ago. A woman's wit will serve you with reasons why you want to know; of course the parties to a wedding give their names, and the minister keeps a record. I am determined to be patient, to watch and wait, but since we derived our existence from the same source, and as one breast fostered us both, assist me, if you can."

There was a little more of this farewell and leave-taking, which Mrs. Glenny purposely omitted. Perhaps she could not have read it with a steady voice. She took off her spectacles, wiped, replaced them, and again took up the letter.

"What a steady, bold hand he writes," she said, addressing her husband. "Just as he used to when a clever lad at school."

Her tone grew slightly tremulous, and the muscles around her mouth betrayed unwonted emotion. No wonder—for twenty years she had been estranged from her brother, had not seen his face, or a scroll of his writing; did not even know the names of his children. Now he was in trouble, and he came to her. He had, indeed, appointed her a difficult task, but she only asked the power, the opportunity to fill it.

"My niece," she said. "Amy; it is a sweet name; no doubt the child is beautiful, my brother was a very handsome man in his early manhood."

"But, mother, I don't see how you can do him any good," said old Mr. Glenny, bluntly. "I wouldn't hinder you—but how will it look for you to go to playing the spy? Not very well, I'm thinking. I hardly think it right in Harry to try getting you into such a scrape."

"Mother will do what's best," said John; "I'm sure of that; I wouldn't advise either way."

In a few minutes, he bade his parents "good evening," and started homewards.

John Glenny was a lover of the night; he had always been. The quiet, the serenity, the deep, pervading peace, was in perfect unison with his spirit. Then he thought of his wife and her sudden illness, and half wondered within himself how he had been induced to leave her even for so short a time. He hurried onwards; suddenly, on turning a corner of the road, he perceived the outline of a human figure through the soft, shadowy gloom. The garments were those of a female—dark, yet sufficiently distinct. He could detect the graceful undulations of the walk; he heard the lightly-tripping step. He approached near—nearer—when, suddenly, it was gone. He looked, he paused, he turned in every direction—there was no one—positively no one. He was amazed, confounded. "I must have been deceived," he mentally said; "I have heard of optical delusions; strange if we can't believe our eyes."

When Glenny reached home his wife was in bed.

"My dear," she said, hurriedly, "I wouldn't light the candle to-night; you can see very well to come here, and you preach economy, you know."

"Certainly I do," said John. "That is to be the making of our fortune."

He expected to hear a light laugh or jest from his wife, but nothing of the sort greeted his ears.

Had John Glenny awakened that night, he would have distrusted his eyes for the second time. He would have perceived her listening cautiously to his breathing, to make certain that he slept soundly. When this was settled to her satisfaction, he would have seen her rise cautiously, strike a light, which she carefully shaded, and proceed to gather up and put away various articles of female apparel which seemed out of place in that apartment. When this was finished and the room restored to its usual appearance, she quenched the light and returned to her bed as if nothing extraordinary had occurred.

The husband's sleep was disturbed that night by a frightful dream; he complained of it in the morning.

"And there's one thing, Emma, I'd like to know," he said. "Were you out last night, while I was away?"

"I out while you were away. What possible errand could take me away so late in the evening—but why do you ask?"

"Because, right ahead of me, last night, a female figure appeared in the road; I saw it just as plainly as I see you. The height and general appearance was yours; the face I did not see."

"You must have been deceived, John?"

Again he muttered something about not believing his eyes, but finally ended by saying: "I thought, Emma, that you might have become alarmed at my long absence and gone out to look for me."

"Don't flatter yourself with any such notion," she said, archly. "I believe you fully able to take care of yourself, by day or by night."

"Thank you for so much confidence in my ability."

John Glenny went to his work happy and cheerful as ever. Beneath his artistic skill, huge piles of lumber were gradually assuming the shape and proportions of beauty. He loved his work—there was something manly and ennobling in it. The rough boards took the smoothness and almost the polish of a mirror, glittering and glancing in the warm sunlight. The cool winds fanned his temples as he stood on the scaffold, and drove each glittering nail to its place. He thought of a thousand beautiful and pleasant things; most of all he thought of his wife. He fancied her at home, enjoying the rocking-chair he had recently purchased, perhaps busied with her embroidery or knitting, perhaps receiving a friend, or making a neighborly call. There was one thing, however, which she actually did do, of which he never dreamed. She drew a letter from her bosom, endorsed on the back to Lydia Sherman, broke the seal and read it, smoothed it over with her hand and re-read it, then calmly and dispassionately, without a sigh or sign of emotion, folded it up, and again returned it to her bosom. Yet, as if some horrid fascination was about it, she soon drew it forth again, and examined it with closer scrutiny. It had neither name nor date. It was comprised in half-a-dozen lines. What was there in those simple pen-strokes destined to call up harrowing and bitter memories, to blanch the cheek to a death whiteness, and thrill every nerve with a horrible fear? What was there, surely? It ran thus:

"Most exemplary woman, dutiful, patient and submissive wife—you imagined me dead, did you? Because you wished I was. Well, let that go; neither should accuse the other, but as I take a deep interest in your happiness, I design to prove it by making you and your loving lord a visit. Expect me in about one month—of course, I shall be welcome."

There was nothing more—not a line, not a word indicative of the writer or his motive. But it was clear that the reader understood it all. She arose, took the letter, and without farther hesitation placed it over the little heap of burning coals by which she had been boiling her coffee on the hearth. When it was all consumed, and a few light ashes only marked the spot where it had been, she went calmly and quietly about her work.

Emma was a very neat housekeeper; cleanliness and taste characterized everything within and around her home; nothing was out of place, nothing in confusion or disorder. The whiteness of her floors was only equalled by that of her linen; and the few commonplace articles of furniture acquired, beneath her touch, a purity and polish that well redeemed their homeliness and cheapness. She never complained that she had been unused to doing such things—never seemed to think the most menial services beneath her. The surface of her mind was smooth and peaceful. Who shall say what apprehensions, like great sea-monsters, lurked in its hidden depths?

CHAPTER VI.

SOMETHING HAPPENS TO OLD MR. GLENNY THAT HAPPENS ONCE TO ALL.

The month of corn and dropping fruits crowned with mellow and balmy effulgence the matron brow of the earth, and it was a time for silent memories, a day for all beautiful and hallowed associations of thought. The old trees, bathed in the rich sunshine, and covered with the gorgeous robes of early autumn, stood silent and thoughtful. The fields were gay with the delicate blossoms of the starwort, golden-rod, yarrow and fragrant everlasting, while the sunshine slept in long golden bars, crossed at intervals with the pleasant shadows of the cedars and black walnuts, which lined the fences, and around whose trunks, even to the topmost bough, twined the wild grape-vines, heavy with clusters of purple fruit. The atmosphere was filled with a golden haze, while, far in the distance, the mist-enveloped horizon melted in the blue sky above.

A day for dreams of Heaven and memories of the departed who went with the radiance of youth on their brows, and its hopes in their hearts, to that land where the one is swallowed up in immortality and the other lost in fruition of blessedness. Each sound is mellowed into harmony, each object seems etherialized. How remote, how dream-like comes the light rustle of the stray leaves as they float slowly to the ground, or the whirr of the partridge amid brake and sweet fern leaves; even the laugh of the corn-huskers, or the shrill cry of the barn-yard fowls, seem, in such an atmosphere, unreal, phantom-like, a part of the great world of shadows, and mysteriously connected with the inner spiritual life.

Old Mr. Glenny resided in the same house where his father had lived before him. It was not a beautiful house, at least to the eye of modern taste. It was neither a villa nor a cottage; it had neither tower, nor turret, nor gable; but it was an old house, in whose blackened chimneys the swallows had built their nests for many, many succeeding summers, and over whose mossy roof the broad sheet of golden sunshine had fallen by day, and the silvery beauty of the moonlight by night, through a lapse of time that had swept a generation of men to the dust. The bad weather, to be sure, had left traces upon it—the rain, hail, frost and thaw had been there with remorseless power, but they had only given to it a somewhat worn and weary aspect, an expression of waiting for the change that inevitably comes, sooner or later. The rooms of that house, though old-fashioned, were ever cheerful. Pleasant domestic sounds ever issued from it; they formed part and parcel of the place; they lingered around and through it. There was talking, laughing, singing, whistling—there were so many pleasant sounds of human industry you would have known of a surety that there a good table was spread, to which friends and neighbors were welcome—that there the happy competence, equally withdrawn from poverty and luxurious wealth, abounded.

By-and-by these sounds were softened and subdued. The master of that house was no longer seen to cross its threshold. The wind walking in the fields of rustling corn missed the hoary locks among which it had been accustomed to play. Strange men stripped the golden ears and gathered them into the barn. When the old lady appeared, which she did at intervals, her steps were slow, her eyes heavy. Regularly as the sun, came old Mr. Norridge at morning; regularly as the twilight, he came at night. He went in hopeful; he came out anxious and sorrowful.

But perhaps the most significant feature of all was the light of fire or candle always shining at the window, and breaking, with a strange meaning, the monotony of the place. It is an even, quiet light, nearly always stationary, and always carefully shaded. On rare occasions it flashes up passionately, but for the most part it is suppressed and preys upon itself. In the early dusk of the evening, however, shadows of people coming and going, of old Mrs. Glenny passing and re-passing, of John Glenny and his wife are seen to linger there for a time, then glide away into the air and disappear. But all night long, and far into the dawn, the solitary light burns unchangeably and unquenched.

We know what such a light portends. That little, sick-room fire is in reality a beacon fire, summoning a toiler to the rest that is appointed for all. That little, sick-room light is in reality a watch-light, burning on and ever in that place till a certain event be watched out. Which of all the innumerable multitude beneath the sun and the stars, toiling along the weary plains, and up the dusty hills, traversing the land and traversing the sea—which of that countless throng may, with no knowledge of the hour when the beacon will be no longer needed, of the moment when the watch shall cease, be tending surely hither?

Time, the true Democrat, the great leveller, shall determine—Time, that equalizes all distinctions and gives alike the hod-carrier or the banker to the worms. The palace and the poor-house, the chair of state and the gallows, the post of honor and the prison, are all waymarks on the great high-road, which, notwithstanding its wonderful divergences, has one end at last.

"Mother," breathed a voice from the bed in that room where the fire had been burning and the light shining so long and invariably, "mother."

It was answered by old Mrs. Glenny, who rose, approached, and leaned over the sufferer with tender anxiety.

"Do you want anything?" she inquired.

"Nothing earthly, nothing earthly," he answered, lifting his eyes heavenward. "John, my son."

"I am here, father," said a rich, manly voice.

"I feel my end approaching," he said. "I am going home."

"Your trust is in Him who died and rose from the dead, that we might live," said Mrs. Glenny, solemnly.

"In Him, and Him alone; the Eternal Father and the Blessed Son. Oh!" he exclaimed with fervor, "how strange it is that I wanted to get well, that I longed so earnestly to go out again into the fields and reap the harvests of another summer. Strange, most strange, that my mind wandered over clover-fields in blossom and orchards laden with great stores of mellow fruit; but then I had not had experience of the life to come."

Mrs. Glenny answered only with a low sob.

"Could I only find strength and language to describe what has been manifested to me since I lay here, you could not wonder. Spiritual communings with immortal beings have made the world a void, a shadow bereft of glory or beauty. I have tasted immortal streams, henceforth the fountains of earth are dry—I have listened to celestial music; after that, could human melodies be sweet? But, feeling how soon I shall have done with the things of time, I would make every recompense for past infirmities of mind and temper. Sarah, my own kind, tender, faithful wife, can you cherish my memory without hardness—can you forget that, sometimes, I have seemed harsh and unkind, that many times I have been exacting and difficult to please?"

He seemed to pause for an answer. It was given with low words of blessing and tearful assurance.

"John, my son."

"Father."

"I wish you to cherish your mother as the best and dearest of earthly treasures. Always remember that she is getting old; never reject her counsel or disappoint her wishes. Do you promise?"

"I promise, father," said John.

"Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

The next morning, when the lamps grew dim, and the stars faded, the tiller of the soil and the reaper of the harvest was himself gathered into the garner. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

RACHEL GREENOUGH'S BOOK.

Sunset on the East river—and a lovelier stretch of sky never gladdened the eye of beauty-seeking artist! A merry little music-box of an April shower was dimpling the turbid tides like the dance of invisible fairies, and the shining sheets of rain, sweeping away to wreathe themselves about the arch of a shadowy rainbow, whose solemn splendor gleamed athwart the heavens, were transformed into so many tiny kaleidoscopes, as the level sun streamed triumphantly over the spires of the great city. Involuntarily the passengers all thronged to the rough wooden guards of the uncouth little ferry-boat—the rudest laborer of them all felt a sudden thrill at his heart as the conqueror sun threw down his golden lance across the long line of tremulous waves; if he had not, he would have been an iron man indeed! When Nature speaks in some intonations all her children recognize her language and bow before it!

Rachel Greenough leaned over the guards gazing earnestly at the bright sky, her lips apart, and a flush upon her generally colorless cheek. She was not a beauty, dear reader, our Rachel; if you had passed her in the streets you would not have cared to look twice. She was merely a nice-looking girl, rather pale, with black hair growing low on her forehead, and gray, thoughtful eyes. But the stalwart young man at her side firmly believed that there was not a sweeter or truer face in all the wide world; and he ought to know, for had not he known her ever since they sat side by side on the wooden benches of the old red school-house under the hill? Hadn't he dwelt all his life within sight of the Old Poplar Farm, which Rachel's father used to own?

"Isn't this a splendid shower, Rachel? How delicious the air is!" Rachel turned her large eyes wistfully up into his face.

"Don't it remind you of the April rains that used to patter on the brook, where the wild honeysuckles and the hazel bushes grew, Charles? O, how I long to escape from the whirl and tumult here, and feel the sweet country winds upon my brow!"

"So do I, Rachel," he answered; "you can't imagine how beautiful it looks at the old farm—the violets are all blue upon the southern slopes, and the

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, March 25, 1863.

RUSSIA AND POLAND.

The Russian empire seems to be getting into quite as inconvenient and insurrectionary a state as the United States. The Poles are rising. The nobles are thoroughly discontented with the government, and the serfs, though thoroughly devoted to the King, have no intelligent leaders. But they have such an antagonistic feeling against the nobles that, if they only had leaders of any intelligence, capable of rendering them of the slightest service to any one, the downfall of the nobles would be certain. Peter the Great regarded the empire as a unit, and himself as the head. Prior to him, there had been a real and living constitutional government. The Empress Catharine and Emperor Nicholas have been the only really great monarchs after him. The rest were all tools, used by the nobles, and then generally conspired against and slain. Even Catharine herself yielded back to the nobles unconsciously most of the privileges of which Peter the Great had robbed them. Nicholas, however, was the restorer of absolutism. He was a man born to rule, made to be worshipped. But his system it was which, more than anything else, has prepared the way for the final downfall of absolutism. His policy favored that system of deception and fraud under which every corruption flourished. He was cheated in his financial system; grossly cheated as to the power and efficiency of his army; and, at the very moment that he was proclaiming Turkey as "the sick man," it was himself and his empire, the strength of which was being eaten out by a corruption that extended into every department. The war with the Allies led the proud Emperor to the discovery of this, and the discovery broke his heart and he died.

Alexander, his son, had been carefully educated on the red-tape system, and, therefore, soon found out that the State was rotten to the core. Cheating was carried on in every department. He gave fair notice that it would no longer be tolerated, and nearly every Minister of the late Emperor has been disgraced, beginning with the Minister of Public Works. The result of all this has been to raise up a powerful reactionary party among the nobles, who remember and sigh for days like those of the old Emperor Nicholas. To meet this party, Alexander has attempted two great reforms. He has encouraged commerce (and, indeed, over stimulated it), by loans of paper money. With such success, however, has this been accomplished that the exports rose up from ninety-seven millions of rubels, in 1851, to one hundred and fifty-one millions, in 1858, notwithstanding all the wastes and debt of a disastrous war in 1854 and 1855. The imports were increased in a similar proportion.

But the next great step of reform was the emancipation of twenty-three millions of serfs. In the present month of the present year, the last vestige of serfdom is done away in Russia. The Emperor Nicholas had, indeed, contemplated some such step as this, only in a far more gradual manner. Strange to say, the Nobles in the days of Catharine were themselves the first to propose it, and it had been talked of ever since. But the Nobles wanted to free the serfs but to *keep the lands*, while the serfs all felt that having lived there from time immemorial, the land and the cottages were theirs.

The difficulty of adjusting these two views has yet to be met. The serfs before the end of this month will all be free, and very few have yet made any arrangements with the Nobles, though they will undoubtedly keep possession of their houses and fields. They hate the nobles, and the nobles despise and yet now fear them, and are not over thankful to the Emperor. In the meantime the rising in Poland is attracting the attention of Europe. Taking advantage of the weakness of the empire in this transition period, the Poles, at the last accounts, seem to have established a chronic state of rebellion, and one that may yet undo the corrupt work of a whole century. It is now just one hundred years since the death of Augustus III, (i. e. in 1763), when, by the treachery of Catharine II, of Russia, Stanislaus Poniatowski, a favorite of the Empress, was placed upon the throne of Poland by the aid of Russian bayonets. This led to a state of civil war, terminated nine years later by the Austrians and Prussians entering Poland together with the Russians, and making the well-known partition of Poland.

Thus matters have stood till the present day, although with constant efforts on the part of the Poles to rise. It is now hardly possible they can be successful. Austria, France and England have, it seems, resolved to carry out the treaties of 1815, and are upbraiding Prussia for not permitting Russian soldiers to chase Polish fugitives through her portion of the territory. No one can see how this confused struggle is now to promote liberty, and yet should the Poles and the serfs of Russia have any simultaneousness of feeling, there may be an end of the old Russian nobles, and as England declares in favor only of a *Constitutional* monarchy in Poland, which indeed the Emperor of Russia has himself proposed, the whole question may eventually be thus resolved, as the serfs love Alexander. But, should France quarrel with Prussia, Europe may get into a blaze of unextinguishable war.

ENDOWMENT OF A LIBERIA COLLEGE

One of the most intelligent and best educated colored men in this country is preparing to emigrate with his family to Liberia. He was born at Rutland, Vermont, in 1826; graduated from Middlebury College, in that State, in the class of 1849, and has since been in charge of a public educational institution in Western Pennsylvania. He proceeds to Africa, not from dissatisfaction with his position or pay, but solely from conditions of duty to his race on this and that continent. The trustees of Liberia College, at Monrovia, deem it very desirable to secure the experience and services of this remarkable man as Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, but their funds are either used upon the college buildings just finished at an expense rising to twenty thousand dollars, or are required to help a fund for the support of the three professors already at their posts. The troubled state of the country seeming to forbid an effort to raise the means to permanently endow an additional chair in that institution, it has been suggested that four thousand dollars might be promptly subscribed, payable at once or in annual instalments, to meet the salary for five years of this Afrio-Vermont-Pennsylvanian. John H. Crozer, Esq., has generously proffered one thousand dollars, and a friend of Africa in Vermont hopes to obtain a like amount for this purpose. Among the friends of education and of the people of color there are certainly two or four persons who are willing and able to perfect this movement. The importance of the college leads its active friends to confidently look for speedy success.

THE SPANISH IN SAN DOMINGO.—Just after the secession of the rebel States, Spain, pretending to be alarmed for her American possessions, seized the Eastern portion of the Island of Hayti, which, as the Dominican Republic, had upheld its independence against Soulouque and Baez, and driven the latter out of the country. The act was an unwarrantable one and as clear a case of filibustering against a neighboring power as ever Spain had experienced or complained of on the part of the United States. The prize so violently obtained is likely to prove a troublesome possession, for the Dominicans are not disposed to submit to the rule of Spain any more than to that of the negro government alongside of it. The report from San Domingo is that two of the districts have risen in insurrection against the Spanish rulers, and the troops which were at Havana have been sent off by the Captain General to put down the outbreak. The Dominicans formerly had an army of 15,000 men, and a little fleet of three corvettes and five schooners of war, but we believe these fell into the Spanish possession when they retook possession of that portion of the Island.

REBELS WANT PEACE.—Mr. Conrad, in the Rebel Congress, has offered a resolution declaring it to be the duty of that body to "leave no means untried to put an end to a contest injurious to the civilized world and disastrous to the parties engaged; and that it will cordially co-operate with the Executive in any manner consistent with the honor, the dignity and independence of these States, tending to a speedy restoration of peace with all or with any of the States of the Federal Union." This is put forth in the belief that there is a party in the loyal States who are ready for peace on any terms, and who will be willing to concede the independence of the rebel States for the sake of procuring it. This is catching at a forlorn hope. But the Rebels are in that extremity of despair and destruction that they are ready to catch at anything which seems to promise the realization of their wicked schemes.

PASSENGER RAILWAY LEGISLATION.—A bill has passed both branches of the Legislature to substitute for the present taxes against these companies a specific sum which each shall pay into the City Treasury, ranging from $200 to $2,000, giving the right to all vehicles travelling on the road in the same direction as the cars, and requiring each company to maintain and keep in repair the road between its tracks, and one foot outside its rails. The amount of tax which will be paid into the Treasury under this law by the companies, will be nearly $14,000.

THE SEIZED COTTON.—Out of two million dollars' worth of cotton seized in the Southwest during the war, it is said the Government has not benefited to the amount of one dime. It has all been disposed of for the benefit of individuals. The Government, it is reported, is about to call these persons to account. That seized and captured on the Atlantic coast has realized a handsome sum to the treasury.

GROWTH OF PRODUCTIVE ENERGY.

One of the most important results developed in the last census, is that, from 1850—1860, we not only gained in population beyond the most sanguine calculations made beforehand, but that the ratio of the increase of the principal agricultural and other products of the country was far beyond the ratio even of this increase of population. Take for instance cotton. During the last decade, the increase of population has been 35.46 per cent., and of the slaves (the chief producers of cotton in the field) 23.38 per cent., but the increased production of cotton has been 110 per cent! Of course, it will be said that a large portion of this has been occasioned by fresh negroes being carried down from Virginia to the cotton States, so that they have produced less of other things. But when we look at the tobacco crop, that too has increased almost as much, or 106 per cent. "Virginia, North Carolina, Maryland and Kentucky, and other of the more Southern States, show a greatly augmented growth of the staple." This great increase of production has been owing mainly to two causes. One, that is the more immediate, is, the concentration of the negroes upon the richest lands of the South, *i. e.*, the river bottoms, cane-brake and prairie lands; while the other more general law is the freedom of travel and of intercourse of the States, the facility with which such lands could be bought and sold, and the security of property generally, which has facilitated such transfers.

From 1850 to 1860 this process of concentration of slave labor on the richest soils was going on with unexampled energy, owing to the increasing demand for cotton. The lands of inferior quality were being steadily abandoned. Now it is one of the unexampled features of the present rebellion that the portion of the country which was thus steadily and amazingly growing in wealth above the growth of population, under the protection of such mild and gentle and wise laws as have produced this prosperity, should upset the whole of it in the pursuit of visionary schemes of independence. It is the intoxication of prosperity which has produced the present rebellion.

The increase of the production of wheat has been about *double* that of population, being seventy per cent. Chicago has now become one of the greatest wheat markets in the world. Corn in the meantime has only increased about forty per cent. or five per cent. more than population. This is owing to the want of foreign demand for it, which, however, will doubtless be increased as the modes of preparing it are better understood, and its value as an article of food becomes more appreciated.

The value of slaughtered animals has about doubled, and of sheep and wool more than doubled, while the quality has improved beyond what figures can show. The hay crop has increased only from thirteen to nineteen million tons, but the cloverseed rose from four hundred and sixty to nine hundred and twenty thousand bushels—that is, it about doubled. The orchard products have considerably more than doubled in value, and the wine has increased more than 740 per cent.

The newspapers increased one hundred per cent., and the circulation 117, while the white population increased but 38.12. The miles of railroad have augmented from eight thousand five hundred miles to thirty thousand six hundred, employing about four times the capital of ten years ago. We are sorry to see no statistics of the increase of Magnetic Telegraph lines, but the whole amount of value of real and personal property in 1860 was sixteen thousand millions of dollars, representing an increase of 126 per cent. Pennsylvania has increased in wealth 96 per cent., with an absolute gain of almost seven hundred millions of dollars, while New York State has increased only 70 per cent. The coal business has increased 169 per cent.

The most melancholy feeling in reading over statistics like these, is the contrast which the next census must present to all this growth and increase. If, however, it present instead a greater number of true, brave and loyal men, true to duty, true to their country, and prizing, above all outward wealth, courage, truth, honor and integrity, as they were never prized before, we may yet make as much real and valuable progress as in any ten years of our national life.

NEW LIGHT ON SHAKSPEARE.

After all the amount of labor which has been bestowed on Shakspeare, there still remains more to be accomplished than has yet been even attempted. There are more passages from his writings handed about from mouth to mouth by all who speak the English language, than from any other book except the Bible. It is a work that can never die, because so rich in thought and in knowledge of human nature, not as it ought to be, perhaps, but as it *is*. And yet one-half of it is unintelligible to most of those who attempt to read it. Even as to some of the finest passages there are half a dozen various readings, and more than as many different interpretations. As for *words* that are unintelligible, there are now, it is true, excellent glossaries that explain them, and as to the difficulty of turning to any particular passage, that too is obviated by the labors of that fair antiquarian, who has given us a Concordance to Shakspeare.

But we want more than all this, i. e., a good *Commentary* on him, something like what the Genera or Notes in the Talmud are to the Mishna or Bp. Lowth's Notes on Isaiah, or Adam Clake's Commentary, throwing all sorts of historical and critical light upon the difficult and disputed passages in such a way as to give the summary and source of all that has been advanced with a history of different views and a good judgment guiding the reader to the true view. A more complete introduction is also wanted, giving an interesting and exact outline of the argument of each play and what can be known of the circumstances of its composition. Dr. Follin's Lectures on Schiller's plays are such an introduction.

Schlegel, in his Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature, well remarks that, "the contemporaries of Shakspeare knew well what they possessed in him, and that they felt and understood him better than they did the most of those who succeeded him." Coleridge not only delighted in lecturing on him as a Poet, but has introduced, as the best illustration of the most profound observations on the science of method in the introduction to the Encyclopædia Metropolitana, some of the speeches of Mrs. Quickly and Jack Falstaff.

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, in the February No. of Blackwood, has thrown out some of the most valuable hints as to the direction in which fresh examinations may yet be expected to throw much valuable light both upon the character of Shakspeare personally and the composition of his plays especially. He thinks it can be proved "how much more largely than is generally supposed Shakspeare borrowed from others in detail; and also how much Shakspeare reveals to us his own personal nature, his religious and political beliefs, his favorite sentiments and cherished opinions." This, he thinks, can be proved only by marking all the passages of assertion or reflection in Shakspeare's plays which are not peculiarly appropriate to the speaker, nor called for by the situation—often indeed purely episodical to the action—and where in such passages the same or similar ideas are *repeated*, he argues that Shakspeare himself is speaking and not the person in the dialogue."

We all know Shakspeare as one of the greatest of poets, but Bulwer would have him shown, by the process he has thus pointed out, to have been remarkably developed in a metaphysical point of view, derived partly from the precise period at which he lived, (the latter part of the age of Elizabeth and the beginning of James' reign), and partly from particular writings which he studied, especially a metaphysical poem by Sir John Davies, which he thinks "furnishes the foundation of all our immaterial schools of metaphysics." With the writings of this author Bulwer thinks it can be clearly shown he was intimately acquainted, so that "Shakspeare had intently studied that poem, and imbued his own mind not so much with its doctrines as with its manner of thought." Thus does the greatest novelist of the present day, if not of any day, point out the sources for new explorations into the character and writings of our greatest dramatist and one of our greatest poets. To follow out this train of investigation, and apply it all to Shakspeare's writings in detail, would be worthy the time and attention of many a young author for half his future life.

VICKSBURG.—Reports still come from the West of the evacuation of Vicksburg. These are founded upon no ascertained fact; but are undoubtedly based upon the present positions of our army and fleet. The belief that Porter has succeeded in flanking the rebel city by the expedition down the Coldwater river, leads to the conclusion that the rebel army will leave Vicksburg. But the rebels cannot leave that city without cutting themselves off from all communication west of the Mississippi, which is the great source of their supplies, and opens the way for circumscribing the rebellion within narrow bounds. They are not likely to abandon it without a battle unless such advantages of position have been gained by our forces as to make defence impossible, and this is by no means a confirmed fact.

SOLDIERS' CLAIM ASSOCIATION.—General Scott and other citizens of New York, interested in the soldiers of our army, have formed an association, called the "Protective War Claim Association," the object of which is to secure the just claims of soldiers and sailors and their families, for pensions, bounties, &c., without cost to the claimant. This is an excellent object, and the character of the gentlemen engaged in the work will be the best guarantee against the impositions and frauds now practised upon those who have claims to prosecute, and will, besides, protect the Government from the many fraudulent claims which sharpers make against it. A similar association ought to be established in this city.

NORTHERN OPERATIONS ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

The part of the State of Mississippi now the chief theatre of our active operations in the Southwest, has from its earliest connection with civilized man, been the seat of terrific adventures. It was through this region that De Soto passed. Here in 1798, the French settlement on the Yazoo was wiped out by the Indians, two hundred persons being killed, and twice that number of women and children and negroes captured—the whole colony in fact being destroyed. The Yazoo country now being penetrated from the Coldwater River by our forces, is naturally one of the most fertile in the whole South. In parts it is fifty miles wide, and if drained, would be one of the most productive regions on the globe, especially for cotton. The increase of this State in wealth and population during the last ten years, *i. e.* from 1850 to 1860 has been very great. The value of its real and personal property rose from two hundred and twenty-eight millions to six hundred and seven, or 165 per cent., and the Yazoo received the best proportion of this increase.

The city of Vicksburg is comparatively but a small place for the noise it is making in the world, being only about four thousand five hundred in population in 1860, and having increased only twenty-four per cent. in the last ten years. The business done there used, however, to be of much importance on account of the railroad running thence to Jackson and connecting in fact with the main lines of the South. Had peace continued, it had been intended to push the railroad westward to Shreveport, La., and ultimately through to California. It has been the height of the bluffs which has rendered Vicksburg so important as a point for commanding the Mississippi, and as these heights extended along from Vicksburg to the Yazoo river, they there formed an impregnable barrier to our further ascent of the river, so as in any way to take Vicksburg fairly in the rear. As we could not *ascend* the Yazoo river, we have attempted (and it seems now a settled fact that we have nearly accomplished) the *descent* of it. This must in itself have been a very remarkable feat in many points of view. It has laid the whole of the Yazoo country under water, or made it subject to inundation, including plantations containing nearly twenty thousand inhabitants, and producing from fifty to seventy-five thousand bales of cotton annually.

On the other side of the Mississippi river, more than three hundred miles of land have been flooded by the Lake Providence canal, and a passage most probably will thus be formed by which it will be almost impossible for the rebels to render water communication down the Mississippi to the Gulf inaccessible to us. Apart from all the immediate effects, however, what will be the historical effects of this work in the future? Cyrus let the Euphrates loose into the marshes around Babylon, and it was the beginning of the downfall of the Babylonian empire. Those marshes were, centuries afterwards, the cause of the utter extinction of the city. We trust and believe it will not prove so in this case. The sickness next summer will indeed render those plantations uninhabitable, and the Yazoo river will prove what its name signifies to those who abide there, *i. e.* the River of Death. It will for all coming time be a lesson to those inhabiting the Mississippi river of the precarious tenure by which they hold possession of that stream. If they suppose, or should at any time in the future assert, that they hold the mouths of the Mississippi, so that the North is dependent on them for a passage to the Gulf, it may be well they should feel that, on the other hand, the Mississippi holds them, and that a few Northern vessels can at any time, and almost in a night cut the levees and open new passages and lay them all under water. It may be even doubtful whether, except by the aid of Northern energy and scientific skill this damage would ever be repaired, and it is certain that not half the draining would be accomplished necessary to render the lands now overflowed what they will yet become.

PROGRESSIVE LEGISLATION.

The Committee on Railroads in the N. Y. Legislature, have reported a bill to legalize dummy engines on any railroad in the State, whether operated with steam or horses. The New York Legislature is usually up with the times in facilitating travel as one of the means for enriching the State. The dummy engine recommends itself to general use by its superior economy and its safety, being more easily controlled in its movements than animal power ever can be. The use of it will save a great deal of the present cost of working railroads, and every dollar of capital saved, adds that much to the accumulated wealth of the country, the fund from which labor receives its reward. Less cost in working our railroads enables the companies to put the fare down to the lowest possible rate, which is a great saving to all who use the roads. Besides this public pecuniary advantage, the convenience is greater, for a car without horses does not take up near as much space in the high ways as one with them. The safety and speed are greater, for steam being under mechanical control, which operate instantaneously, passers-by are not near as much exposed to injury in the streets. There is also superior comfort as well as superior convenience, for the same bushel of coal which drives the engine, will also serve to warm the cars in winter, making travel as pleasant in the severe cold weather as it is in summer, which will add to the public health as much as to individual comfort. Our Legislature has made an advance step in allowing dummy engines in the rural districts, but as there is absolutely more safety in them than in the use of horses, they are better adapted than the latter for travelling in the populous city, and the right to use them ought to be extended to every city railroad.

IN AND ABOUT WASHINGTON

The arrival of several additional vessels is reported at Wilmington, N. C., direct from England, each one laden heavily with arms, ammunition and merchandize. Some of the cannon on board are understood to be for the defence of Charleston, and they have probably arrived there ere this.

It is really surprising the large number of steamers that are being despatched from British ports, to run the Southern blockade. The recent statement upon this subject, it is now seen, were not at all exaggerated, for, despite the numerous captures made by our forces, at least five vessels still attempt to run the gauntlet where one is captured. It is evident from this, that the rebels have unlimited resources abroad to work upon, and that the risks pay a handsome return.

The "exploded" Indianola is said to be safe in rebel possession, and fully equipped for active service. This information comes through our own sources, and is, I think, entitled to credit. The Charleston Mercury of the 11th, it will be remembered, contained a paragraph to the same effect.

Despite all the talk there are no really serious indications that the Conscription law will be enforced for some time to come; and it is not unlikely but what it may be postponed until along in the summer.

It is the impression here that the forces of Gen. Banks were not in the vicinity of Port Hudson when the recent reported repulse of our vessels took place. It is not generally known that Baton Rouge has been exposed to an assault from the rebels, in large numbers, for several weeks, and it is intimated in quarters pretty likely to know, that it was to aid in the defence of the old capitol, and not to take part in any attack upon Port Hudson that General Banks left New Orleans.

That it will require the services almost entirely of a land force, however, to capture Port Hudson, is well known. No vessel in the present navy can so elevate its guns as to bring them in deadly contact with the rebel works on this position, while the result to them from the high and plunging fire of the rebels must be disastrous.

To capture Port Hudson, therefore, a heavy force must be landed, even under fire of the enemy's guns, and then we must run the risk of being overpowered by a vastly superior force, which we undoubtedly would be. Once the rebels found the land attack about to open upon them at Port Hudson they could in a few hours order up reinforcements by the thousand, while we would have only our original number to depend upon, and these crippled perhaps severely while in the act of landing.

FROM GALVESTON.

Advices from Galveston represent that the Rebels at that point succeeded in recovering the guns of the flag ship Westfield, blown up by order of Commander Renshaw, and that they had them mounted with others upon the defences of the city.

A Southern despatch asserts that the Brooklyn had been driven off from the port of Galveston, and obliged to seek shelter at New Orleans in a crippled condition. This would imply that there had been an engagement at Galveston, which the next steamer from New Orleans should either confirm or refute.

The sudden demise of Major-General Sumner is deeply regretted here, as he was justly regarded a most sterling officer, and a devoted friend of the whole Union. His entrance into the army dates back, I believe, for a period of nearly 40 years, and his loss at the present hour is indeed a public misfortune. It was but yesterday that orders were issued for Gen. Sumner to assume the command in Missouri, but they reach him when he is no more!

PLOTTINGS AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT.

Threats are made that the Government will not dare to enforce the enrolment act in New Jersey in the face of the resolutions recently passed by the Legislature of that State; but it will be quite time enough to make these threats when the orders for executing the law are issued. When this is done, there is little doubt but what New Jersey will be as true a blue as ever.

While on this subject, I will add that the Government has been advised on several occasions of plottings at the North against its authority, the said plottings being of a ramified character, and waiting only the hour for their development.

LETTERS OF MARQUE.

The President in his recent decision against the issue of letters of marque, is said to have been considerably influenced by Senator Sumner, who has all along represented the step as a most dangerous one, and certain to thicken the difficulties which already surround us. The Attorney-General is said to have been of the same opinion, and for the present, therefore, the law will be allowed to rest.

I find nothing in the Richmond journals to confirm the report about the bombardment of Charleston, and as these were published after its rumored occurrence, there is no doubt that it was a pure invention.

LATE

Reported Defe[at]

LOUISVILLE, Ma[rch] ... report has just reache[d] ... portion of Gen. Stanley's forces encountered John Morgan's rebel cavalry at McMinnville yesterday, and whipped them badly, driving them entirely away.

The War in Florida.

NEW YORK, March 21.—The Port Royal News South, of the 14th says, that Jacksonville, Florida, was taken by a colored brigade on the 10th inst. The negroes behaved with propriety, and none of them were injured.

On the 11th inst., C. I. Montgomery, with 200 men, had a sharp skirmish, three miles from town, with 300 rebels. Baldwin, the junction of the Jacksonville and Tallahassee and the Cedar Keys Railroad, is supposed to be the point aimed at by the expedition.

A Rebellion in Indiana.

CINCINNATI, March 21.—There has been a speck of war in Rush county, Indiana. Day before yesterday, the 19th, a squad of soldiers was sent there to arrest deserters. They had captured six and were on the way to the cars, when a hundred mounted butter-nuts armed with rifles came up and released the prisoners. Two companies of infantry were sent from Indianapolis who recaptured the deserters and scattered the traitors.

Arrival of Another Blockade Runner at Nassau.

NEW YORK, March 21.—The steamer British Queen, from Havana on the 14th, via Nassau, arrived at this port this afternoon. She reports that the rebel steamer Cuba arrived at Havana on the 14th, from the coast of Florida, with 600 bales of cotton.

From Rosecrans' Department—Defeat of Morgan and Breckinridge's Cavalry.

WASHINGTON, March 21.—The following despatch was to-day received at the Head-quarters of the ARMY:

MURFREESBORO', March 20, 1863.

Major-General Halleck, General-in-Chief:—Gen. Reynolds reports from Col. Hall's brigade, on a scout near Milton, on the road to Liberty, that he was attacked this morning, by Morgan and Breckinridge's cavalry, about eight or ten hundred strong.

After a few hours' fight, we whipped and drove them, with a loss to us of 17 killed and 31 wounded, including one Captain. The rebel loss was 30 or 40 killed, including three commissioned officers, 140 wounded and 12 prisoners, including three commissioned officers.

[Signed] W. S. ROSECRANS,
Major-General.

Letter from Nassau and Havana.

THE RETRIBUTION CONDEMNED AND SOLD—CAPTURE OF A REBEL SCHOONER—THE ST. DOMINGO INSURRECTION SUPPRESSED.

NEW YORK, March 22.—Nassau advices to the 16th instant state that the pirate Retribution had been condemned and sold at auction to the brother-in-law of the notorious blockade runner Adderly. The sale is reported to be bogus. The pirate officers and crew are still at Nassau.

The steamer Georgiana, at Nassau, had two heavy guns mounted on her arrival. She was searched, by order of the Government, and the rest of the Babylonian empire. Those marshes were, centuries afterwards, the cause of the utter extinction of the city. We trust and believe it will not prove so in this case. The sickness next summer will indeed render those plantations uninhabitable, and the Yazoo river will prove what its name signifies to those who abide there, *i. e.* the River of Death. It will for all coming time be a lesson to those inhabiting the Mississippi river of the precarious tenure by which they hold possession of that stream. If they suppose, or should at any time in the future assert, that they hold the mouths of the Mississippi, so that the North is dependent on them for a passage to the Gulf, it may be well they should feel that, on the other hand, the Mississippi holds them, and that a few Northern vessels can at any time, and almost in a night cut the levees and open new passages and lay them all under water. It may be even doubtful whether, except by the aid of Northern energy and scientific skill this damage would ever be repaired, and it is certain that not half the draining would be accomplished necessary to render the lands now overflowed what they will yet become.

The Schooner Albert, from Charleston, with 250 bales of cotton, has been captured off Acapulco, by one of the U. S. gunboats.

Havana advices convey the intelligence of the suppression of the St. Domingo insurrection. Only one skirmish occurred, and the insurgents were dispersed. The Spanish troops that defeated them were said to number only 300.

From Hilton Head.

SAFETY OF THE BLACK BRIGADE—SEVERAL IMPORTANT POINTS CAPTURED—MANY PRISONERS CAPTURED.

NEW YORK, March 20.—A letter from Hilton Head, dated the 15th inst., says that the latest intelligence from the Black Brigade, which is now marching into Florida, has taken many important points and many prisoners captured, with large quantities of ammunition and supplies. They are still driving the rebels before them.

The expected arrival of another army corps at Hilton Head, which is asserted in the Richmond papers, has created fresh hopes among our troops.

War Gazette.

WAR DEPARTMENT, Adjutant-General's Office, Washington, March 17, 1863.—It is hereby ordered:

First. That Colonel James B. Fry, Assistant Adjutant-General of the United States army, be, and he is hereby detailed as Provost Marshal General of the United States, in pursuance of Section 5 of the act, approved March 3d, 1863, "for enrolling and calling out the national forces, and for other purposes." He is accordingly authorized and required to perform all the duties of Provost Marshal General, both in the States, and such other duties as may properly pertain to his office. All communications relative to the business of Provost Marshals and the provisions of the act of Congress aforesaid, will be addressed to him.

Second. That all appointments which have been heretofore made of Provost Marshals are hereby revoked.

By order of the Secretary of War.

L. THOMAS, Adjutant General.

Reported Check to the Yazoo Pass Expedition.

CINCINNATI, March 19.—A special despatch from Memphis, announces that the Yazoo Pass Expedition had met with a check.

On Friday the gunboat Chilicothe encountered a rebel battery at the junction of the Tallahatchie rivers. The fight lasted all day, and one shot from the battery entered a port hole of the Chilicothe, killing four and wounding fourteen men. The Chilicothe received 64 shots, and was damaged seriously.

CINCINNATI, March 19.—Specials from Memphis of the 18th instant, say that on Thursday evening last, the gunboat Chilicothe leading the expedition through the Yazoo Pass encountered a rebel battery at Greenwood, where the Yallabusha and the Tallahatchie form a junction. A battery threw shot and shells at the Chilicothe repeatedly, but the fire. Early on Friday morning the rebel battery commenced throwing shot and shell, and the gunboat replied vigorously all day, until late in the evening, when the firing ceased. One shot from the battery entered a port hole of the Chilicothe, which killed four and wounded fourteen.

The steamer Chilicothe was struck sixty-four times and damaged seriously. The casemates were very seriously injured. She exhausted her ammunition, and on Saturday morning was lying idle. The rebels express confidence that they can resist the expedition, which consists of two iron-clads, two rams, and five or six Mosquito fleet, with eighteen transports. They were very much damaged by coming in contact with trees and snags in the Pass.

The expedition has progressed two hundred miles from Helena.

Later advices say the expedition was in Yazoo river, expecting to attack Haines' Bluff.

[The battery referred to which damaged the Chilicothe, is called by the rebels Fort Pemberton, as will be seen by the despatches from the Richmond papers, which we publish above.]

A Cavalry Fight on the Rappahannock.

HEAD QUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, March 18.—A most brilliant cavalry fight occurred on the Rappahannock yesterday, beyond Kelly's Ford. A reconnoissance under command of Gen. Averill, forced a passage over the river in the face of a determined resistance by a considerable body of rebel sharpshooters, who were covered by houses, rifle-pits, and a dry mill-race with an abbatis in front. The ford admitted but a single horseman at a time, and the stream was swollen and rapid. Arriving on the south side of the river, our cavalry charged the rebels in their entrenchments, killing and capturing nearly the entire force, besides securing a large number of horses picketed near by. A short distance from the shore Gen. Averill's command encountered the rebel cavalry under Gens. Stuart and Fitzhugh Lee, who had hastened from Culpepper to prevent our passage. They made some dashing charges upon our troops, who repulsed, and in turn charged them with fatal effect, using sabres only in the conflict. Whenever the enemy made a stand they were immediately charged upon and routed from their position with severe loss.

The battle lasted about five hours, and was a series of charges and hand to hand conflicts, resulting in the enemy falling back. The force engaged was about two thousand on each side. The enemy at last took refuge behind an entrenched battery, about four miles from the ford, flanked by rifle pits and abbates. General Averill, having accomplished his object, and securing his prisoners, the wounded on both sides, and a large number of horses, he recrossed the river without attack or demonstration on the part of the rebels, who were so badly whipped that they could not follow to annoy him.

Among the prisoners is Major Breckinridge, cousin of the traitor John C. Breckinridge. The prisoners characterize the affair on our part as one of the ablest and most gallantly fought cavalry raids of the whole war, and admit that their own troops were totally demoralized by the gallant sabre charges of our cavalry.

About eighty prisoners have been brought in. The wounds of the enemy bear sufficient marks that the sabre was the only weapon used on our side.

What Became of the Indianola—The Statement of one of the Crew.

A letter from Vicksburg, dated 2d instant, in the New York Times, says:

The uncertainty in regard to the fate of the Indianola is at length made certainty; two or three of her crew escaped, and though their accounts of that disastrous fight differ in some particulars, they are the same in substance:

On the night of Thursday, the 26th of February, the Indianola being then on her way back to this point from the mouth of Red river, was overtaken about 10 o'clock, and attacked by the six rebel rams and gunboats, W. H. Webb, Grand Duke, and Queen of the West, and three others. One, a negro, stated in his examination by Lieut Col. W. H. Wood, that he was a fireman on board the Indianola, and that the enemy were first discovered in pursuit on Thursday night, when the Indianola was about half a mile above Carthage, Miss., and about half an hour after dark.

The negro Isaac was a fireman, and being down in the fire-room of the Indianola could not see all that occurred, but says that the Queen of the West was the first to attack the Indianola, by ramming her in the stern, smashing her propeller, and disabling her at once.

Captain Brown had given orders to his gunners not to fire until the enemy were at close quarters; and when the W. H. Webb came up immediately after the Queen of the West, to ram the Indianola, a shot was fired from one of the stern guns of the Indianola, which took off the bow of the Webb, and caused her to sink in a few minutes. The rest of the enemy's boats then collected around the Indianola, and in a few minutes so disabled her wheels and propeller (it will be remembered that the Indianola was a powerful iron-clad, and was propelled by four engines, two of which were attached to side wheels, and the other two to a propeller,) that she became powerless; but the headway which she still retained, together with the shock of the six rams, ran her into the bank. As soon, however, as [illegible] eight or nine of the crew [illegible] from the bow, and running to the woods; but all the officers and the rest of the crew were made prisoners.

The negro fireman, Isaac, succeeded in secreting himself in the loft of a barn, where he remained four days, during which time he was fed secretly by the negroes on the plantation. After he had been in the barn several hours, he heard a tremendous explosion, and heard a rebel cavalry man who came to the barn a few hours afterward say that the Indianola was blown up. The Indianola and three of the enemy's boats, which were at work trying to repair the machinery of the prize, so that they could take her down the river, and, mean while, were burying their dead, lay only a short distance from where the negro was concealed, and the Queen of the West had gone several miles up the river, to near Warrenton.

The cause of the blowing up of the Indianola, whether by accident or by the enemy, remained a mystery to every one here until a second one of the Indianola's crew came in to our lines a few hours after the first arrived here.

He states that he was concealed on shore within sight of the Indianola after her capture, and while the enemy were trying to repair her, and that, after he had been there several hours, he saw the Queen of the West coming down very fast, and, as she passed the other rebel boats, heard some one hail them, and tell them to get out of the way as fast as they could for there was a Monitor coming down the river. Immediately afterward, there was a great flurry among the rebel boats, and in a few minutes some one of the boats blew up with a tremendous explosion, but by that time it had grown so dark, the Queen having gone down, that he could not distinguish which boat it was.

An hour afterward, and after all the other boats had steamed down the river, he saw the reputed Monitor appear in sight. She came very slowly, and seeming to be helpless, and drifted into a narrow channel between an island and the main shore, where she stopped. After daylight he found a canoe, and paddled off to her, supposing that she was one of the gunboats of our fleet.

When he came close to her, however, he discovered her to be the innocent Quaker gunboat which was set adrift from our fleet above Vicksburg on Tuesday night, and on which there was not a living thing except a few rats.

The voyage of the sham gunboat (which I described in a former letter as an old worthless coal barge, with a sham turret, a sham paddle-box and two enormous wooden guns) had been an eventful one. After passing the Vicksburg batteries on Tuesday night and escaping unhurt, she drifted in and lodged against the bank on the Louisiana side, near the mouth of the canal, where she was secured and kept until Wednesday evening, when she was turned loose again as soon as the firing down the river was heard, and drifted on her way "conquering and to conquer." As soon as she came in sight of the enemy the Queen of the West took alarm at her belligerent appearance, heightened by the dimness of night, and immediately put off to warn her consorts near the Indianola that a "Monitor" was coming down of so formidable an appearance that their only safety was in flight. The probability is that the Indianola being helpless, and that vessel and cargo being only good tow her fast enough to get out of the way of the terrible "Monitor," blew her up to prevent her falling again into our hands.

The negro who went off in a canoe to the quaker next morning, says that after lodging for a few hours on the shore of the island, the current carried her off again, so that after running the batteries of Vicksburg and putting to flight a whole squadron of rebel rams, and causing them to blow up a really formidable gunboat, the quaker has gone in pursuit of them—we hope, like the Cid, to win yet other victories. The sham gunboat was constructed and set adrift by Capt. Geo. Bache, of the gunboat Cincinnati, who was in command of the gunboats in their recent trip up White River.

NEWS FROM REBEL SOURCES.

Richmond papers of the 16th inst., contain the following:

Farragut has made an attack on Port Hudson and been repulsed. The Mississippi was burned and Farragut went down the river in his flagship disabled. The United States land forces did not join in the attack.

FORT PEMBERTON BOMBARDED.—Fort Pemberton, at the mouth of the Tallahatchie river, was bombarded on the 13th inst. We have lost some valuable gunners and a few others. Our loss was not heavy.

THE ESCAPE OF VAN DORN.—COLUMBIA, TENN., March 14.—Four brigades of the enemy, under Gen. Rosecrans, endeavored to hem in Gen. Van Dorn yesterday, just across Duck river, knowing that there is no means of crossing. Our artillery was kept in position and replied to the Yankee fire for some hours, and then escaped by means of White's Bridge, 25 miles above. The enemy was greatly surprised and exasperated at Van Dorn's escape. They returned to Franklin after burning the houses Van Dorn occupied as his quarters.

THE REBEL ATTACK ON NEWBERN, N. C.—RALEIGH, March 15.—General D. H. Hill came upon the enemy's outposts at Deep Gully, on the river Trent, eight miles this side of Newbern. The enemy's force consisted of four companies of infantry and one light battery. They fled across the river and burned the bridge. A Yankee and a buffalo were captured. General Hill is moving on Newbern.

A BATTLE EXPECTED NEAR TULLAHOMA.—CHATTANOOGA, March 19.—A battle is imminent in the neighborhood of Tullahoma. Skirmishing took place yesterday on the Murfreesboro' road, at Old Fosterville.

Fifteen Yankees were captured this morning. Tullahoma is a railroad station, on Rock Creek, Coffee county, Tennessee, seventy miles southeast of Nashville.]

FROM CHARLESTON.—CHARLESTON, March 14.—In addition to the usual blockading fleet, including two iron sides, a Monitor iron-clad arrived to day, and took her position with the fleet.

FROM MISSISSIPPI.—JACKSON, Miss., March 14.—Tolerably authentic information says that Helena was attacked in the rear on Monday, the 9

ARMY AND NAVY.

SEA IRON-CLADS.—The Navy Department is about to have constructed, under contract, iron-clad sea steamers of about 3000 tons burden. They are to have a draught of 21 feet, and to carry ten guns of the heaviest calibre. They are to have but one deck, to have two powerful engines, and two propellers of 18 feet diameter, and to have bunkers to carry 1600 tons of coal.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, March 25, 1863.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE TERMS:

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To Single Subscribers, one year..... $1 00
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TO READERS AND WRITERS.

"To J. E. S.," by M. J. E., is at hand.

"To A STAR," by Clara Forbes, we will try to find room for.

☞ Poetical effusions are not received on the terms proposed by "Joe."

☞ The Examiner, at Frederick, Md., speaking of the "Dollar Newspaper," says:

"We commend it to all who wish a cheap, instructive and delightful city newspaper.

☞ A correspondent at Allentown, Pa., asks such of our readers as may have the information, answers to the following questions:

First—Who was *General Kneuphausen* who commanded the Hessians in the American Revolution? To what country did he belong?

Third.—Did he return to his native country after the war was over?

Fourth.—*Where* and *when* did he die?

ANOTHER ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

JOHN GLENNY OF PLEASANT VALLEY.

BY MRS. TAMAR DAVIS.

This is a very interesting story, told in a plain, straight-forward manner, and in plot and incident will be found all that the reader can desire. The characters are natural, more so than are usually found in a fiction, and are just such as each reader will select from among his acquaintances as the originals. There is a peculiarity about the style and language which, in its utter absence of pedantry, is refreshing, and may have been intentional, as the author very truly says, that, "many an excellent narrative has been spoiled by overmuch haste, and nicety in the choice of words." The moral is good, and the story cannot fail to please. The novel is long and will run through several weeks, but as it grows in interest as it progresses will not be found too long by any one who enters upon its reading.

PENNSYLVANIA MARRIAGE LAWS.

The subject of the laws of this State in regard to marriage has been brought before the Legislature. Those ministers, especially in all our large cities, most in the habit of officiating on such occasions, are very anxious that this entire subject should be looked into, and their responsibilities in the matter simplified and defined. The law tells a clergyman that he is not to marry parties, either of whom are already in the married relation. But what means has he of finding out the truth in regard to this matter? If he marries minors without the consent of their parents or guardians, he is subject to a fine. But how is he to find out who are all those who stand in this relation legally to the parties? They often come to him to perform this ceremony and he knows neither of the parties. They appear respectable, and to be attended by respectable people, who inform him that all is right. A mother will sometimes attend and consent to the marriage and the father afterwards come and complain of its being without his consent. Not long since a highly respectable Minister was met in the streets and accosted thus: "Did you marry such and such a couple three weeks ago?" "Yes." "Then you married my wife to another." The minister said he was very sorry; that he had made every customary inquiry and was assured there was no lawful impediment. "It is of no importance, was the only reply—now I can get a divorce." As the law stands at present, it is utterly impossible for a minister to guard against marrying improper parties without also refusing to marry many who ought to be united.

Marriage is a contract which the law is most especially bound to protect, not only by affording every reasonable facility for those rightly desiring to enter into it, but also by taking effectual measures to prevent improper persons from being so united, and also, by preventing any party interested from being injured through not being able to prove the marriage when it is for their interest to do so. Not one-half of the ministers of the Gospel in the State have ever read the laws of the State in regard to marriages. Nor have they any of the necessary authority to make authentic inquiries. They cannot put the parties or any of their friends under bonds, or upon oath as to there being no legal impediments, such as a previous marriage or the want of consent of parents or guardians, or their not being within the prohibited degrees. And as to all these cases there are plenty of persons willing to help a couple out by a few lies, or positive assertions of what they may fully believe, though themselves perhaps deceived.

Then as to the due registration of marriage. The presumption seems to be that the parties interested will take care to have the proofs of it duly preserved. But they neglect it notoriously. Most ministers are in the habit of giving a certificate of it, duly signed, to the bride. But all do not attend to this, and she often loses it. Most ministers keep a record of the marriages they celebrate, yet by no means all feel the necessity of doing even this.

But it is not the parties married, alone, or chiefly, sometimes, who are interested. The children may find everything depending, socially and in the way of property, on being able to prove the marriage of their parents. Or their children's children may find this necessary, by false claims to heirship and false pretences to some marriage which can only be disproved by producing the record and date of the true marriage. Ministers continually change; and few churches, as such, keep any register of marriages now. A few years ago it was required by some heirs in England to prove their baptism, only twenty years before, in a Methodist Church in New York city. Great expense was gone to, but at last it had to be given up. The church edifice had been sold and torn down, and the congregation moved away, and the minister changed, and no record could be found.

It has, therefore, been proposed that the Clerk of each county give license to all parties desiring to be united in marriage, first taking bonds of some respectable and responsible persons who know them well, and certify that there are no legal impediments to the marriage. This would relieve the minister officiating from all further responsibility than that of seeing that the parties he married were those named in the license. In addition to this, it should be made the duty of the officiating minister to make a return, within a certain time, of the license, with his certificate of having duly united the parties named. Thus an authentic record of the time, place and date of each marriage might be duly preserved in a legal form, ready to be produced in all cases where property or legal rights depended on the proof.

THE REPORTED CAPTURE OF MEXICO.—A report, through rebel newspapers, states that the French have captured the city of Mexico. According to the last authentic reports, the French were about to move on Puebla, on the 23d of February, yet the report of the capture of the city of Mexico is mentioned in the Galveston papers of the 2d inst., allowing only one week for the French to march from Orizaba to Puebla, 60 miles, and thence to the city of Mexico, which is about 60 miles further, and the news to return to Galveston by the 2d inst. This would be uncommonly quick work, even if the way was entirely open to the French; but, as Puebla was defended by 24,000 Mexicans, and the city of Mexico was capable of another stout defence, it is not very likely that they have passed over this intervening 120 miles and reduced the country within the space of three or four days, as the source and date of the intelligence would require. The news requires confirmation before it can be credited.

NEW JERSEY does not want any more of the colored population, contrabands or otherwise. The Assembly has passed a bill declaring that every negro or mulatto coming into the State is to be transported to Liberia or the West Indies, at the expense of the State. This is rather inviting the "contrabands" in, than keeping them out, for if New Jersey means to be at the expense of their deportation, those who do not want them will send them all to that State.

A MOVEMENT MADE.—Accounts by the New Orleans papers of the 7th, state that Gen. Banks was to leave that day for Port Hudson, and it was expected that the attack on that place would commence immediately.

THE NEW JERSEY RESOLUTIONS.

The House of Assembly of the N. Jersey Legislature has passed the resolutions entering its protest against "a war waged against the insurgent States for the accomplishment of unconstitutional or partizan purposes," and against various measures, mentioned, of the Administration in the prosecution of the war. The Assembly says the war is unnecessary, and fraught with horror and suffering, and dangerous to the liberties of the people. The only remedy it has to offer in the way of peace is, for the National Government to appoint commissioners, to meet those similarly appointed by the insurgent States, to "consider what plan may be adopted consistent with the honor and dignity of the National Government, by which the present war may be brought to a close." The National Government will, no doubt, be willing to meet the insurgent authorities half way in any measure, consistent with its own honor and dignity and the rights of the nation, meant to put an end to the war; but while the rebel leaders treat the very mention of such propositions with scorn, and tell their sympathizing friends in the North that they are only wasting their time over any proposition short of the separation and independence of the disloyal States, it would be a work of supererogation in the Government to undertake advances which would be sure to be repelled. The only practicable mode of dealing with the rebellious States is to prosecute the war with vigor and to prosecute it successfully, and to do this requires unity and co-operation in the North. When the insurgents find that there is no hope of success for their cause, they will be willing to treat for peace upon conditions which will make it lasting.

REPORTS THROUGH REBEL SOURCES.

Events are hurrying rapidly forward at the different seats of war, and as usual are preceded by rebel reports of preliminary engagements, in which the results are generally given as adverse to our arms. First we have a report that Farragut commenced the bombardment of Port Hudson, but he was beaten off with the loss of the steamship Mississippi, and the flag-ship Hartford damaged; one gunboat passed the batteries in a disabled condition. This report is very circumstantially given, but it is difficult to understand how a boat-load of the Mississippi's crew could have been captured with so many gunboats at hand to rescue them. The fact that the land forces did not accompany the fleet proves that the attack was only a preliminary one, doubtless to discover the character of the defences. Another report from the same source is that the fleet which passed through the Coldwater river for the Yazoo, has met with a check in a battery at the mouth of the Tallahatchee, and that the gunboat Chillicothe was seriously damaged. If this report be true, and the expedition has not been able to pass the fortifications, the previous report that Yazoo city had been captured by the fleet, must necessarily be erroneous, as it lies a considerable distance lower down toward the mouth of the Yazoo.

A GOOD MOVEMENT.

A bill is before the Legislature of this State providing for a change in the Sheriff's office, by which all the fines, fees, costs, and charges received by him or his deputies, shall go into the city treasury weekly, he to receive a salary of $3000, and his deputies and clerks to be salaried by the city. This is an excellent movement, if it is meant in good faith. There is no reason why the Sheriff or any other county officer shall receive $20,000 or $30,000 annually for services which hundreds of competent men will perform as well for $3000 a year. The "row" offices, which receive their profits from fees, fines, and charges, are a great tax upon the community, and if the same amount paid to these officers were appropriated from the treasury, a single year would not pass over without the citizens universally demanding that their profits should be cut down. It is because the amount is never seen in its aggregate that the people endure the enormous tax, which each person feels who has dealings with these officers, and especially with the Sheriff. Any member of the Legislature who shall succeed in having adopted the change proposed, will deserve the eternal thanks of thousands of citizens who now submit to the grievance because they have no apparent remedy against it. If the enormous costs and charges were paid into the city treasury instead of the pockets of an individual, the citizen would at least have the reflex benefit of a reduction in the amount of his taxes.

TIME IT WAS STOPPED.—Some soldiers in Richmond, Ind., a day or two ago, destroyed a newspaper office, on the ground that it was preaching disloyalty. Soldiers are employed to fight the enemies of the country in the battle field, not to correct public opinion by destroying the organs of its expression. Newspapers are amenable to law for their conduct, and not to mobs, whether composed of soldiers or citizens. When they violate law, the Government is strong enough to take them in hand, and needs no lawless supernumerary aid, whatever the pretence under which the latter offers it. The Government is waging a war against those who defy and endeavor to subvert its authority, and it is a subversion of its authority for a mob to anticipate its action, and endeavor to set up its own decrees above those of the laws. Lawlessness invites retaliation, which will lead to civil disorder and anarchy. As the Government is strong enough to enforce law, it should see that mob law is put down.

NEWS AND NOTINGS.

☞ The rebel conscription meets with some resistance in North Carolina.

☞ Gold is nearly six times as high in rebeldom as it is in the Union.

☞ Umbrellas is taxed under the amended law. They'll go up, of course.

☞ Lt. Todd, Mrs. Lincoln's brother, is one of the fiercest rebels in Texas.

☞ The southern slaves are not rising, but the Southern rivers are.

☞ Mrs. Harvey Curtis of Wallingford, Connecticut, on the 6th instant, presented her husband with *three sons*.

☞ Mrs. Shurtz, residing near Mendota, Wisconsin, in the German Settlement, last week gave birth to *four children*. All are alive and doing well.

☞ A. L. Roumfort, the Democratic candidate for Mayor for the city of Harrisburg, was elected on Friday last by 38 majority, over John Till, the Union candidate.

☞ The "substitute business ought to be a good one at the South, as $2000 are there paid to gentlemen who are willing to be killed for a consideration.

☞ The Mormons are "cutting up rough," and show some disposition to imitate the secessionists. It was a foolish piece of business to run afoul of them at this time.

Miss Charlotte Thompson has been playing a great engagement at Cincinnati. Manager Wheatley would, no doubt, gratify the visiters of the new Chesnut by bringing her here.

☞ Sharpe's rifles are called "Beecher's Bibles" by some of the soldiers. The term originated with the democrats, and was used reproachfully, but now it is regarded as honorable.

☞ The Jersey Blues are searching for Captain Kidd's treasures. If they'll read Edgar Poe's "Gold Bug," which originally appeared in the "Dollar Newspaper," they'll find that those treasures were found long ago.

☞ "Fellow-citizens!" exclaimed a stump speaker during a meeting last year, "when I see the fragments of all the broken Sabbath days collected together and put into baskets, then, and not till then, will I believe that this glorious Union can be dissolved."

☞ The Greeks are determined to have Prince Alfred for their King, whether he shall be allowed to reign over them or not. They are a persevering people, and it may be that they will carry their point, after all.

☞ A revolting spectacle is already presented on the battlefield of Antietam. The earth is washing away from the shallow trenches used for grave, and bodies of the buried soldiers are appearing on the surface in various parts of that vast grave-yard.

☞ Several members of the last Congress have been appointed to office. The President applied balm to their wounds—the Balm of Columbia, that is, more commonly known as spoils, which, in these instances, belong, not to the victors, but to the vanquished.

☞ Jared Philips, a respectable citizen of Leavenworth, Kansas, while on his way to California overland, a month or two since, was captured by the Indians, and put death with the most horrible tortures, being unjointed limb by limb. It is said that many emigrants have been found murdered and scalped, at the instance, it is stated, of the Mormons.

☞ The Indianapolis Journal says it has been informed by the United States Attorney for Indianapolis, that a large number of indictments have been found by the Grand Jury at the present term against men for writing letters to friends and relatives in the army, exborting them to desert, and promsing them protection from arrest if they shall desert.

☞ Jeff. Davis, in the last of his fast proclamations, accuses the Unionists of seeking to pervert "the men servants and maid servants" of the Southrons. Jeff. grows euphuistic. He is as careful not to use the word "slaves" as if he were making the Constitution of the United States, instead of being engaged in destroying that instrument.

☞ There were 283 deaths in this city in the week ending on Saturday last, of which 152 were adults and 139 children. There were 46 from consumption of the lungs; 14 from convulsions; 3 from diarrhœa; 7 from dropsy; 10 from disease of the heart; 13 from debility; 6 from typhoid fever; 23 from inflammation of the lungs; 11 from marasmus; 8 from old age, and 11 from small pox. Deaths and interments of soldiers in the city, 8.

AMUSEMENTS.

Mr. Forrest continues his engagement at the new *Chesnut* Street Theatre, and last week appeared as "Macbeth," "Richelieu," and "Richard III.," the latter being the feature of the week's performance, as it was certainly the best personation of the "crook-back tyrant" that we have ever seen. Great as Mr. Forrest was formerly in this part, he on Friday night exceeded himself, stamping it as one of his finest characters. Never have we in the whole range of our theatrical experience seen it more grandly given, and we are more particularly obliged most strongly to eulogize the change which he has made in the stage arrangement of the scene with Lady Anne by the unburied body of Henry VI. This, which was formerly a blot upon the probability of the plot, is not only now in accordance with the character of Richard, but comes within the bounds of possibility as love-making. He meets Lady Anne at the entrance of a chapel in St. Pauls, detains her without the doors while the funeral train passes within them, wheedles her into good humor with him, disabuses her bitterness, and wins for himself the triumph over her prejudices which, although unlikely, is still possible. His acting in this scene was always excellent. We honestly question whether it has ever been given with such natural power and beauty by any actor who may have trodden on the stage since the time in which it was written. Mrs. J. H. Allen also supported him admirably in this scene. Every time we see her she more thoroughly confirms our favorable estimate of her powers. The tent scene and the death of Richard, were also grandly developed by Mr. Forrest, and we may also frankly compliment McCullough for his share in the combat, which was most varied and vigorous. We cannot refrain from complimenting Mr. Wheatley upon the rare excellence with which he places every piece upon the stage. Never before has Shakspeare been in every respect so well rendered in this city as it is at present, and we should be doing him an injustice were we to refrain from alluding to this fact. Lucille Western, who has attracted crowded houses in the drama of "East Lynne," on Mr. Forrest's off nights, concluded her engagement on Saturday evening, and is succeeded this week, on those nights, by Mr. Bannomann, a German tragedian.

The opera at the *Academy of Music* is not quite so successful thus far in its second series as it was during its first engagement, and yet a more delicious musical treat than was presented on Saturday evening in the performance of the opera of "Martha" has seldom been presented to a Philadelphia audience. Mesdames Johannsen and Von Berkle rendered their respective roles of "Lady Henrietta" and "Nancy" with a spirit and a sweetness of voice truly enchanting. The music of this opera is more to our taste than almost any other, its depth and melody being truly enchanting, and we have seldom listened to it with more pleasure and satisfaction than on Saturday. The present week opened with the opera of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," strongly and effecively cast.

At the *Walnut* Street Theatre, Mr. J. S. Clarke had crowded houses last week, and is succeeded by the stock company in the new comedy, entitled "Friends or Foes." This play has had a very successful run in the London theatres, and we are informed will be presented at the Walnut with unusual care as to dresses, scenery, etc.

At the *Arch* Street Theatre, Miss Mary Provost made her first appearance in this city on in Monday evening, the character of *Nell Gwynne*. She is preceded by a reputation as a performer of a very high character.

At the *Eleventh* Street Burlesque Opera House, Carncross & Dixey keep up their varied attraction to full houses.

Blitz is still at his rooms, at the Assembly Building, dispensing cheerfulness and bright smiles as liberally as ever.

The *Circus*, on Market street, is still open under the management of Mr. Whittaker to delighted audiences.

LITERARY RECORD.

Notes, Criticisms and Correspondence on Shakspeare's Plays. By James Henry Hackett. Carleton: New York.

The author of the volume before us, unlike most of the commentators of Shakspeare, has himself worn the sock and buskin. He has, therefore, not only the qualifications necessary to enable him to interpret understandingly the obscure passages of the great dramatist, but to embody his creations in the forms in which he conceived them. His Shaksperian impersonations embrace, it is true, but a limited range; but they satisfy the judgment, which is more than can be said of those of most actors who undertake them. His Falstaff, judging by what we read and can learn, is one of the best, if not the very best, that has been witnessed on the English or American stage. He restores to the character all those features of originality that properly belong to it. In his version we recognize not the thick blooded, sugar roister, seen as he is commonly represented, but the keen-witted, imperturbably good-humored and gentlemanly knight of our closest conceptions. About a third of the book is taken up with a critical examination of the readings given by different commentators to the doubtful passages of "Hamlet" and "King Lear." Mr. Hackett's interpretations of them are in general marked by sound judgment and scholarly appreciation. In the character of Hamlet, the reminiscences of Mr. Hackett embrace the performances, of Cooper (T. A), Wallack, Conway, Edmund Kean, Young, Macready, Charles Kemble, Booth the elder, J. Vandenhoff, Charles Keanes, G. Vandenhoff and Forrest. He says:

"Cooper, who played at the Park theatre from 1816 to 1818, had a handsome face and an Apollo-like figure. His gestures, however, were usually formal, and sometimes stiff, and the carriage of his body was generally heavy and sluggish, and occasionally his action or movement clumsy and ungraceful. His style was cold and declamatory, and sometimes turgid and bombastic. Yet in other characters, when he retained enough of his natural ease to have worn away from the trammels of his original schooling, he exhibited some very touching and highly effective bits of acting. Wallack's Hamlet, though unanimously approved and a special favorite with the New York public, appeared to him to lack a sufficiency of weight in the philosophical portions, and also of depth and originality of conception in the soliloquies. In Conway's impersonation of the part its melancholy and morbid sensitiveness were rendered very prominent, and he wanted the occasional lightness and gayety required by the satire, and also the warmth necessary for the spirited parts. His chief defect consequently, was a heaviness and occasional monotony. Edmund Kean satisfied his conceptions of the character better than any other actor that he has seen. Its intellectuality and sensitiveness were wrought into transparent prominency. Every particle of its satire was given with extraordinary pungency; its sentiment was upon each occasion very prominently uttered, and the melancholy was plaintively toned and the sympathy winning; the action was free and natural, and never ungraceful; the passion heart-stirring, and the poetry was read with correct emphasis and a nice ear to rhythmical measure. Kean's conception of the character seemed pretty just in the main; but it conformed more to the conventional idea of what is termed 'princely' than did Mr Kean's, and did not indicate as open a nature and as intimate a nobility of soul as Kean's manner conveyed. Of Macready he thinks highly; but, while admitting his Hamlet to be a most finished and admirable performance, he seems to regard its merits as due rather to careful training than to the force of genius, as in the case of the elder Kean. Charles Kemble's style of reading Hamlet, though artistical, was cold and measured; his action and gestures were graceful, but never impulsive, and his manner studied and mechanical. The elder Booth read the character with a good degree of understanding, with a fine intellectual eye and countenance; but his voice was nasal, the action of his arms awkward and seeming as if they were pinioned to the elbows, and his gait and bearing were to be susceptible of not displaying personal dignity. 'Indeed,' adds Mr. Hackett, 'such were Mr. Booth's natural impediments that no human genius could surmount or conceal an intelligent spectator, or cause him to forget them and esteem his personation of Hamlet satisfactory or even tolerable.' John Vandenhoff's delivery of the character, though indicating sound sense and careful study, was generally posaic and monotonous, and sometimes smacked strongly of the conventicle. He had, moreover, a catarrh-like and seemingly organic impediment in his speech, and looked altogether too old to represent the character. Charles Kean's impersonation of it discovered various proofs of a defective ear by sundry false emphases, bad cadences and misplaced pauses. His personation was reasonable, also, for the claptrap efforts with which it superabounded. It was, in short, a tissue of bustle, rant, and posturing. Forrest seemed incapable of being subdued to the normal quality and meditative propensity of Hamlet's philosophic mind. His iron nerves and powerful physique appeared to pant continually for opportunities or pretexts to display themselves. 'His evident uneasiness,' says Mr. Hackett, 'suggested to me such as I would conceive natural to a young but full grown and newly caged lion; and, though the performance obtained the applause of the large majority of the audience it was very unsatisfactory to me.'"

Hunting in South Africa. By Wm. Charles Baldwin. Harpers: New York. T. B. Peterson & Brothers: Philadelphia.

This volume professes to give many scenes and incidents in a hunting excursion from Natal to Zambesi, in Africa, extending through a period of eight years, from 1852 to 1860. The work abounds in starting adventures, some of them to the uninitiated in such matters, bordering on the improbable. The illustrations are numerous and partake largely of the spirit of the thrilling stories told. Elephant-hunting, lion-hunting, buffalo-chasing, and all kinds of gunning sports after land and water fowl, with hair-breadth escapes from alligators, and the equally ferocious beasts of the forest, make up a book that cannot fail to be greatly relished by all old sportsmen.

Sylvia's Lovers. By Mrs. Gaskill. New York: Harpers. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

This novel is given to the public as No. 227 of "Harper's Library of Select Novels," and appears in cheap form, in the usual good style of the Harpers. Of the authoress it is unnecessary to say much, she having already commended herself to almost universal favor by her previous productions. For true artistic workmanship, we think "Sylvia's Lovers" superior to any of Mrs. Gaskell's former works. The story is very finely worked up, and as true as powerful.

The Trapper's Daughter. By Gustave Aimard. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

This is a story of Western border life, the scene of which is laid in the Rocky Mountains, and embodies recitals of sufferings and trials that interests the uncultivated more than it pleases the refined and intellectual. The story is short, which is not the least of its merits, covering only about one hundred and fifty pages. It is issued in Peterson's usual good style.

THE LATEST NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

Late and Interesting from New Orleans.

UNION OFFICIAL REPORTS FROM PORT HUDSON.

The Fleet Passes the Rebel Batteries.

THE MISSISSIPPI GROUNDED, ABANDONED AND BURNED.

The Army Within Three Miles of the Rebel Works.

NEW YORK, March 23—The steamer Washington, from New Orleans, with dates to the 15th inst., arrived here this morning.

Her officers report that they met the gunboat Katahdin, from Galveston, off the Bar, and received a mail from her. The Washington also had telegraphic advices put on board at the Pass, of the latest intelligence from Baton Rouge, probably for the Government.

At a meeting of the Bar of New Orleans a report was made that General Shepley had intimated that the Supreme Court would soon be completely reorganized for Louisiana.

The officers of the Twelfth Connecticut Regiment held a meeting at Brashear City, and adopted an address to the people of their State against the peace advocates, and asking if it is true, that while repentant Louisiana is returning to loyalty, Connecticut is preparing to desert to the army of treason?

Col Ford, of the Thirty-fifth New York, had resigned.

The New Orleans Era, of the 15th, states that an unreliable rumor was current that Port Hudson had been evacuated.

A passenger by the George Washington states that, on the night of the 14th inst., it was currently reported that the Union fleet was within three miles of Port Hudson, and that 5000 men had been landed under cover of the guns of the fleet.

Gen Banks and Gen. Auger had gone up to Baton Rouge some time before, and had probably ascended to the advance. The entire force at the disposal of Gen. Banks is estimated at about 30,000 men.

The New Orleans Era, of March 15th, says:

"Through private sources, we learn that the cotton belonging to Dr. Perkins, of this city, has been destroyed at Pontchatoula. It was burned on Thursday night, the 12th instant, by the rebels, under the belief that it was about to be shipped to New Orleans. The amount thus destroyed is said to be about 250 bales.

"We also learn that the rebels have declared their intention to seize every schooner that shall henceforth cross the lake under the United States flag. In consequence of this determination, vessels of every description have been prohibited from crossing the lake."

The Very Latest—The Attack on Port Hudson.

WASHINGTON, March 23.—The following was received this morning, addressed to Col. Sieger, by steamer General Washington at New York, from New Orleans:

SOUTHWEST PASS, LA., March 15.—[By telegraph from Baton Rouge, March 15.]—Commodore Farragut, leading in the Hartford, passed the Port Hudson batteries last night at eleven o'clock with his fleet. The steamer Mississippi ran aground and was abandoned and burned. The firing on both sides was rapid and severe. The army is within three miles of the enemy's works, in good spirits and bound to win. Cavalry skirmishes are the only fighting yet.

[Signed] CHAS. S. BUCKLEY,
Captain and Assistant Superintendent Telegraph Department on Mississippi.

The Yazoo Expedition.

CINCINNATI, March 23.—Advices from the Yazoo Pass Expedition represent the movements as slow, but that there is every prospect of getting through successfully. Our forces had debarked near Greenwood, and were besieging Fort Pemberton.

A number of the transports were badly damaged in getting through the Pass.

The ram Lioness had overhauled the steamer Parallel, with 3000 bales of cotton, on the 10th instant, crowding her so close that she was compelled to run ashore, when she was burned. The rebels are burning the cotton on every plantation, as the army advances.

WASHINGTON, March 23.—A letter received from Rear Admiral Porter, dated the 14th, speaks of the difficulties of navigating the Yazoo Pass with safety to the vessels of the expedition. The natural impediments are similar to those heretofore reported. He says nothing as to the engagement with the enemy up to that date.

Rebel Reports—An Attack on Mobile Expected.

CINCINNATI, March 23.—The Mobile Advertiser of the 15th, claims that the anticipated attack on Charleston is only a feint, and that the next blow will be struck at a Gulf city, strongly intimating that Mobile is the real object.

Army Movements.

CINCINNATI, March 23.—Gen. Burnside and staff will arrive here to-morrow morning.

Gen. Tuttle, commanding at Cairo, desiring to enter on active service, Gen. Buford has been appointed his successor, and will take command to-day.

The Commercial's special despatch from Murfreesboro' reports that the enemy has recrossed Duck river in force. Gen. Johnston is expected to take immediate command of the army at Tullahoma.

The Lake Providence Canal.

ST. LOUIS, March 23.—A special despatch from Lake Providence to the Democrat of this city says: "Water was let into the canal at this place on the 16th instant."

CHICAGO, March 23.—A special despatch from Lake Providence to the Tribune of this city, dated the 16th instant, says: "The authorities concluded to let in the water at this point at sundown to-day, and the water is now pouring in, threatening friend and foe alike. The aperture, twenty feet wide, is already visibly widening at the mouth, and by morning a large portion of the town of Lake Providence will be submerged."

The Treaty with Liberia.

WASHINGTON, March 23.—The treaty between the United States and Liberia is officially promulgated. There is to be a perpetual peace and friendship, and reciprocal freedom of commerce between them.

The contracting parties bind themselves to treat each other on the footing of the most favored nation, including the full protection of persons and properties. Our Government engages never to interfere, unless solicited by that of Liberia, in the affairs between the aboriginal inhabitants and Liberia in the jurisdiction and territories of the republic, and citizens of the United States residing therein are desired to abstain from all such intercourse with the aboriginal inhabitants as will tend to a violation of the law, and the disturbance of the peace of the country.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

LETTER FROM HARRISBURG.

HARRISBURG, March 23, 1863.

The Democratic members of the Legislature held a consultation last week, and agreed to urge the adoption of Resolutions memorializing Congress to call a National Convention in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution, with the view to settle the difficulties distracting the country. It is understood that this movement for the call of a National Convention is to be made simultaneously in different States of the Union, and that it has the cordial approval of Governor Seymour, of New York, and the organization which he represents. In view of the difficulties of the way of calling a National Convention, and the probability that the contest in which the Nation is engaged will have concluded before the assemblage of Congress in December next, it cannot be anticipated that Resolutions of this description can be productive of any immediate influence in promoting the restoration of the Union. But they are probably intended as a party platform, and a declaration of the belief of the Democratic organization that peaceful means are necessary in conjunction with military operations, to effect the restoration of the Union.

The motion to reconsider the Tonnage Tax bill, which was for the second time made in the House, was not agreed to, and the bill is now in possession of the Senate. In its present shape it levies a tax upon the tonnage of all railroad and transportation companies, and directs proceedings to be instituted against the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for the recovery of the tonnage tax due at the time of the passage of the Commutation Act.

The Republican State Committee met here yesterday and determined to call a State Convention to nominate candidates for Governor and Supreme Judge, at Pittsburg, on the first of July next. What induced the Committee to fix upon Pittsburg in preference to Harrisburg, I have not learned. In the contest between Gov. Curtin and Hon. John Covode for the nomination, the place of meeting will be favorable to the interests of Covode. The latter was here and doubtless had a hand in locating the Convention in a section of the State friendly to his nomination.

The bank question came before the Senate this morning upon the bill to extend the charter of the Lancaster County Bank for five years. The present charter of this bank does not expire until 1866, and the extension of five years was reported by the Committee on Banks with the view to enable it to wind up its affairs and come under the general law of the Federal Government and the Free Banking Act of the State. The same course is pursued by the Committee towards all the banks applying for re-charter. The Senators having banks at home asking for re-charter, combined to extend the charter of this bank for two years, but failed by a close vote.

Those who wish to compel all the banks, as soon as practicable, to come under the banking system of the general Government or of the State, are opposed to renewing special charters for more than five years, and some are opposed to extending these charters at the present time, but prefer postponing the subject until next year, when it is hoped that the financial condition of the country will be more settled than at present.

After repeated failures to induce the Senate to consent to a longer extension than five years, this bill passed the Senate by a large majority, and its passage is an indication of the fate of all the applicants of a like character.

The House passed a resolution last Friday providing for the temporary adjournment of the Legislature from the 27th of the present month to the 27th of May next. The Senate refused to concur, and amended the House proposition by providing for the final adjournment on the 9th of April next. The House originally fixed the day of final adjournment on the 16th of April, and afterwards acceeded to the idea of a recess for two months. The Senate will not agree to a recess, but the 9th of April is sooner than the House will be likely to consent to final adjournment. It is more probable that the 16th or April will be the day finally determined upon.

Mr. Connell presented to the Senate the following communication from the Philadelphia Board of Trade:

At a meeting of the Executive Council of the Board of Trade, held March 16th, instant, the following Resolutions concerning the loans of this State were, on motion, adopted and ordered to be transmitted to the Legislature:

Resolved, That the Executive Council of the Board of Trade heartily approve the bill introduced in the House of Representatives by Mr. Neiman, of Northampton, for the consolidation of the loans of this Commonwealth, and their exemption from State tax, and earnestly invoke the prompt action of the Legislature, that it may become a law.

Resolved, That the attention of the members of the Legislature is hereby solicited to the bill, as a measure both expedient and wise in promoting the convenience and welfare of the Commonwealth, by the consolidation of all her loans in one, instituting a system which makes the payment of a loan a consideration when the money is borrowed, and in securing to the holders of the loans a certainty of payment at maturity, according to the terms of the contract.

M.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, March 23.

It may be of some interest to the student of New York politics, at a distance, to know that a programme for the construction of a new Conservative (or Fusion) party has been formally agreed to by a number of prominent Republicans on the one hand, and Democrats on the other. The object is to leave out in the cold all radical Republicans like Horace Greeley, and all radical peace men, like Fernando and Benjamin Wood. With a machine thus constituted, it is thought there will be no difficulty in hitching it on to the Administration, or hitching the Administration on to it, and thus systematically prepare the way for the next Presidential campaign. Prosper M. Wetmore, Charles Gould, Mayor Opdyke, (Republicans,) with James T. Brady, and John Van Buren, (Democrats,) are among the gentlemen most conspicuous in the movement. This organization bids fair to be productive of singular results, curious combinations, etc., in opposition—to be developed, in due time.

Who knows but that the radicals thus affronted will form a grand combination, too, for mutual protection, and that we may yet live long enough to see the Philosopher of the Tribune hand in glove with the politicians of the Copperhead persuasion? We are living in strange times, and New York politics—ever an enigma to outsiders—bid fair to be now more than ever, of all strange things the strangest.

One of the most remarkable features of these remarkable times, is the steady and rapid accumulation of deposits in the City Savings Banks. This is true, not of one or two of the leading institutions only, but of all. The fact may be accepted as demonstrating two things—first, that, notwithstanding the war, the laboring and industrial classes are in prosperous circumstances, and second, that there is more money in the hands of the people than can conveniently be absorbed in ordinary investments. A majority of the depositors, if the truth were known, are people who are not wealthy enough to embark in real estate operations, nor confident enough in the stability of the share market to venture into Wall street, but who have placed their money in these Saving Institutions, content to draw only six per cent. interest per annum, until such times as the restoration of peace will present opportunities for safer, if less attractive investments, than are now afforded. Official returns, just published, show that the total deposits in all the saving banks in the State, on the last of February, was $80,393,000. Of the New York city institutions, those that have most due depositors are the Seaman's Bank for Savings, $8,704,277; the Manhattan, $3,175,997; the Emigrant Industrial, $2,828,011; the Greenwich, $3,576,105. The whole amount of *unclaimed* deposits in the saving banks of the State is officially stated at $906,616 24, a large proportion of which have been on deposit for more than twenty years.

A squad of some twenty-five recruits for Governor Andrew's Negro Regiment passed through our city, this afternoon, en route for Boston. They came from Montrose, Pa. The recruits were in charge of Sergeant Greene, a black man. The men go into camp at Readerville, Mass. Other black recruiting sergeants are about going to Pennsylvania.

There is a strong pressure, already, from parties in this city for places under the conscription act. Some have forwarded to Washington their applications in writing, while others, as if to make "assurance doubly sure," have gone, or are going thither in person to press their applications upon Provost Marshal General Fry, face to face.

The U. S. Despatch Agent here has been officially notified by the State Department at Washington that no person, subject to draft, will be permitted to leave the country without first filing a military bond, good for $300, (to pay for a substitute.) This rule, however, it is added, applies only to the citizens of those States which have not yet filled up their quota of troops under the President's last call (for nine months men.)

Early this morning, a sailor named John Cain was stabbed in a Washington street groggery so severely that he died in a few minutes after receiving his wounds. It appears that he had become engaged in an altercation with a man named Laundress. After some words had passed between them, the latter drew a carving knife and stabbed Cain in three places. Laundress was arrested and committed.

The steamers City of Baltimore and Teutonia, the former for Liverpool and the latter for Southampton, Havre and Hamburg, sailed on Saturday, with an aggregate of 150 passengers, among whom I notice the names of Major Augustus Rawlings, Rev. J. B. Houghton, Rev. John Cox Gorman, and Rev. F. C. McGrath. The City of Baltimore took out $429,340 in specie.

Fourteen deserters were yesterday sent down to Governor's Island. One of them, named James Scylender, made a desperate resistance when the officers attempted his arrest.

COTTON.—The market is unchanged; sales of 709 bales Middling Uplands were made at 76 a 78 cents.

FLOUR.—The market for Western and State Flour is less active; sales of 3600 bbls. are reported at $6 70 a 6 90 for superfine State and Western; $7 a 7 15 for extra State; $7 20 a 7 60 for the low grades of Western extra, and $7 40 a 7 50 for shipping brands of round hoop extra Ohio. Southern Flour is firmer and prices are unchanged; sales of 400 bbls. were made at $7 70 a 7 90 for mixed to good superfine Baltimore, and $8 a 10 25 for the better kinds. Rye Flour is firm at $6 40 a 5 35. Cornmeal is steady at $4 15 a 4 20 for Jersey, and $4 85 a 5 00 for Brandywine.

GRAIN.—The Wheat market is dull and heavy; sales of 3000 bushels are reported at previous prices. Rye is steady, with sales of 5000 bushels at $1 11½ a 1 12. Oats are without any material change; some sales were made at 82 a 83½c. for Western, and 83 a 84c. for State. Corn is steady, with sales of 20,000 bushels at 83 a 89c. for unsound mixed Western, and 96

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

[FROM CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.]

Beneath a dark November sky,
With the cold rain falling drearily,
And the bleak winds moaning and shrieking by,
The seed o'er the land is cast;
And in grave-like furrows the grain doth lie,
Till the weary months are past.

In curling mist, and frosty air,
And weeping skies, it lieth there;
Or buried in the snow, or bare
To every wind that blows;
And Night's deep darkness, like despair,
Hangs o'er it while it grows.

It grows in spite of cloud and blast,
And sullen rains descending fast,
And snow-wreaths thickly o'er it cast,
And thunderous, darkening skies;
The very tempests roaring past
Strengthen it as it lies.

Anon a kindlier season shines,
And warmth and light, the Spring's soft signs,
With many a beauteous blossom twines
The breast of icy Earth—
And the grain, in delicate emerald lines,
Springs up a fairy birth.

Then sunny months, in swift career
Bring up the lusty ripened ear:
And the golden harvest-time draws near,
And the reaper whets his scythe;
Till, on a day, the rich sheaves rear
Their shapes on the landscape blithe.

Sown in the cold, dark, desolate days;
Reaped in the sunshine's mellow blaze;
Thus in the dim and wondrous ways
Of Fate are the deeds of men:
Sorrow and trial, defeats and delays
Like storms that soften the grain,

Must test the heart's aspiring claim;
But every just and noble aim
Shall pass the ordeal clear of blame,
And in the appointed hour
Bring forth its fruit of wealth or fame,
Of knowledge, wisdom, power.

Sow, though in days of gloom, the seeds
Of manful toil and generous deeds,
Of stern self sacrifice that heeds
Little the world's behest:
Cast out the lying thought that pleads
"Enough, now take thy rest."

In the winds of Scorn, the storms of Hate,
In the darkness of hope deferred full late,
Through days when the world shows desolate,
Must sleep the good deeds thou hast done;
Faithful labor, patiently wait,
Thy work shall see the sun.

That which was sown in the wintry air,
Shall blossom and ripen when skies are fair,
Though thine should be many an anxious care
Ere the harvest is gathered in—
Be stout to toil and steady to bear—
The heart that is true shall win. E. C. B.

THE FARMER.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

THE GERMAN MANAGEMENT OF SHEEP.

The Germans are unrivalled in their scientific and practical knowledge of every department in agriculture, and in no one superior to that of sheep management. Economy is the grand basis of every species of cultivation, and their profits are rigidly determined by the expense of means employed in production. A writer who is familiar with the subject speaks thus: "The great distinction in German agriculture, compared with our own, is *economy*. The question is not whether a great crop *can* be produced, or a fine story can be told, what large animals can be raised, &c., but what is the whole cost, the expenditure of labor, of land, of manure, &c. For this reason computations have been made, and the proportions of all the parts and processes has been fixed. Economy compels them to weigh and measure their fodder. The minutest details have been entered into, the most difficult points examined, and the results brought out." The first thing which will strike the reader is the daily *variations of fodder*, in which we see manifested the principle of economy carried out. The grain fields, and not almost wholly meadows, as in this country, are made greatly the means of maintenance of their flocks during winter; thus not a pound of straw nor a pound of anything valuable is permitted to be wasted, hence the cultivation of sheep and crops in a measure are mutually dependant on each other. The manure of the flock augments the quantity of grain, and thus a larger quantity of straw is provided for it in return. We also observed displayed their knowledge of that habit of the sheep as is manifested in its eagerness for varieties of food, and its love of frequent change. In this habit of the animal we behold that wise economy of nature in endowing it with instincts to promote its welfare to the greatest extent *in every point of view*. One kind of food may develope flesh, and another make fat, but it seems to be a fact that several kinds are required to aid its digestive organs to effect such chemical combinations as will not only nourish the wool, but assimilate the inorganic substances which compose the external parts of the filaments. From thousands of experiments made in Germany, it has been demonstrated that hay alone will not produce as much wool as when straw is mixed, which cannot be philosophically explained on any other principle than that which has been laid down. It must be repeated, that *variety* will only furnish those perfect proportions of organic and inorganic materials of which wool is composed. If we give the animal too much food of a carbonized or fattening character, the fibres of wool, being tubular in their conformation, distend or become coarser, and the weight is certainly increased; but, on the contrary, if fed several kinds, and each abounds as largely as possible with albumen, the fibre is materially increased in length, though not so much in bulk, simply because the variations increased in length, though not so much in bulk, simply because the variations of food supply to a greater extent the substances requisite to form the filament. This may be termed *natural wool*, the quantity or weight of which will be as great as that produced by feeding grosser food, which has the effect to increase the diameter of the fibre at the expense of the length, and therefore is coarse, as well as harsh and wiry. The Germans abhor feeding large quantities of fattening food in growing Saxon wool, as it destroys its delicate texture, and its value is lessened accordingly for the manufacture of the finest and softest fabrics. The American wool-grower need not overfeed simply with a view to make heavy fleeces, as the wool of the sheep when fat is comparatively coarse, and the expense of the food used in placing them in this condition, together with the reduction in the value of their wool, will more than counterbalance the gain from the increased weight. The wool of the Saxon Merino variety is never so beautiful and perfect, in all respects, as when it is *natural*, and this follows only from keeping the sheep in healthy store order, and nothing beyond that. The feeding of grain by the Germans is simply as equivalents, but always being the standard by which the quantities of any kind of food, daily, is determined. Their aim is not to increase the flesh and fat at the expense of the wool or any of its valuable properties, and if we ever expect to rival them in the extensive production of the most beautiful wool in the world, and at the least sacrifice, we must imitate their economy in feeding, and unsurpassed mode of management in all things. *One-thirtieth part of the weight* of the live animal in good hay is considered necessary per day for its sustenance. According to the quality of fodder, and its abundance or scarcity, this may be increased to one-twentieth part, but less than one-thirtieth part ought not to be given. Taking good meadow hay as the fodder standard, a ram should receive about three and a quarter pounds per day, an ewe about two and three-quarters pounds per day, yearlings in proportion. One pound of good hay is considered equal to one and two-third pounds of oats, pea, wheat, or barley straw, four pounds of turnips, or two pounds of grain in the wet state as delivered from the brewery in winter.

Morris Co., N. J., 1863. MALAKOFF.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

TO MAKE CHEAP BOARD HIVES.

In an article on the "Care of Bees in Winter," published in the "Newspaper" of Jan. 28th, I promised to give directions for making cheap board hives, hiving bees, &c. Take good sound pine or hemlock boards, from three-fourths to one inch in thickness, and give them what we call a rough dressing. If you intend to kill your bees to get their honey, the hives should be of different sizes, to accommodate large or small swarms. The smallest should be about twelve inches square and sixteen inches high, and others of different sizes up to about seventeen inches square and eighteen inches high inside. The hives will want two or three sticks across each way, about five inches from the top; and if they are very large they will want two more across each way, about the middle of the hive, to hold up the comb. The holes to receive the sticks should be made with a center-bit, from a half to three-fourths of an inch in size, and the sticks made smooth to fit the holes. Cut another at the front of the front side, half an inch high and three inches long for the bees to work through, and, if the hive is high and will stand open to the weather, make a hole about half way up the hive for the bees to work through in summer and get air in winter. If there is no air-hole in front, make one about two inches from the top, on the back side, and plug it up, but don't forget to remove the plug in winter. Hives for capping should not be more than twelve inches high, and from twelve to sixteen inches square. Make the top smooth and even as possible, with two or three holes through it. The holes should be about an inch in diameter, and near the front side In the tops of the hive, place strips from half to three-fourths of an inch wide and about one-fourth of an inch thick and nail them fast. These should be about an inch and a quarter apart from centre to centre, and run from front to rear of the hive. The bees will begin their comb on these strips; and if you have a glass in the back of the hive, you can see how full the hive is without lifting it up. If you want a glass in your hive, cut a square place through the back, a little smaller than the glass; then cut a rabbit deep enough for the glass and brads to fasten it, and you can have a door to slide or swing, just as you choose. Hives the size I am describing should have glass about eight by ten inches square. Place two sticks across, within half an inch of the bottom of the hive, for the comb to rest on when the hive is full. The sticks can rest on small cleats, and be long enough to prevent their falling out when handling the hive. Boxes for surplus honey should be made of quite thin boards, not more than five or six inches high, about the same in width, and from twelve to fifteen inches long, according to the size of the hive you place it on. You can have a window in your honey box if you choose, but you must cover it and keep it dark, or the bees will darken it for you. I will leave what I have to say about hiving bees until near the time of swarming, when such information will be more sought for by young bee-keepers.

Wayne Co., Pa., 1863. A. N.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

GRAPEVINES.—*Bradford County, Pa.*—Your correspondent, "A. J. H.," in the "Newspaper" of March 4th, wishes some advice respecting grapevines and their culture. So far as I am capable, I will give him the desired information. To his first query: "Whether grape seed should be planted in the spring or fall, and how long vines from seeds generally come into bearing?" I answer by giving the method usually pursued in graperies when it is desirable to get plants direct from the seed. Select, in the fall, from the species you wish to propagate the largest and finest clusters, and hang them up in a cool place until spring. The seed should be sown quite early in a hotbed or in pots, in a light, rich soil, and kept at a uniform temperature of about 60 degrees Fahrenheit. If well attended, they will do to transplant in the open ground the ensuing spring. A well sheltered, well prepared spot should be selected in which to transplant them, and they should be carefully watched and all weeds kept under. In the fall they should be covered with a piece of old cloth, or an old woollen blanket and also with a good coating of straw to protect them from the severity of the winter. The third year they should be pruned, cutting the canes back to two or three eyes. After this the culture is the same as other plants. As to how soon they will bear, will depend upon circumstances, their care, the character of the soil, climate, etc. But there are many disadvantages arising from this mode of culture, which have led it to be almost discontinued, save in experiments, propagators preferring "layers," cuttings" or "eyes," as being much more expeditious and certain in their results. The principal objection urged against this method is the great uncertainty attending them, as they are always, in a greater or less degree, liable to lose their original character and become intermixed with other varieties, so that it is very seldom in raising grapes from the seed, you get fruit equal to that of the vine from which the seed was derived. There are a few varieties, however, which are an exception to this rule, among them are the Logan, Hartford, Prolific, Concord, and the York Maderia. If your correspondent can procure layers or cuttings he had better do it, rather than attempt propogating from the seed.

His second inquiry is: "At what time and in what way should cuttings be planted, and at what time should they be taken from the vines?" Select early in the fall, when the fruit is ripening, those vines which appear to be the most thrifty and healthy, and mark them with a piece of twine, or in any other way that they can be easily distinguished. Later in the season, when pruning time comes, cut off the canes of the marked vines, and cut them up again, about six eyes in length. Pack these in bundles of a hundred cuttings each, and put them in the ground during the winter. In the spring prepare a border from two to three feet in depth of well rotted turf, manure, fine top-soil, etc. As soon as the ground becomes warm and dry (from the first of April to the first of May, according to locality) plant your cuttings, using therefor a grape-hoe or plant-stick. Leave but one eye above ground, and cover that over lightly with straw and a little coarse manure to protect it from the rays of the sun until it has taken root. The second year they are to be carefully tended, and pruned the coming fall, as soon as they become dormant. In conclusion, to this answer to your correspondent's second inquiry respecting the cuttings, we will quote from one of the best informed grape-culturists in this country, Mr. Grant. He says: "Good vines may be grown from cuttings two or three eyes in length, the last season's wood furnishing nourishment to the shoots while roots are forming. The conditions of success are hard, well developed and well ripened wood, taken not far from its origin, from the parent stock, and set in moderately compact soil carefully prepared, that shall be neither too wet or dry, until the cuttings shall become well rooted. A bed in which cuttings can be grown with a great degree of certainty, may be prepared by setting four boards on edge, and covering with glass set in hot-bed sashes, or better still a hot-bed with its frame and sash, waiting until the severity of the heat has passed, and shading from the sun until the plants have become well rooted. For regulating temperature, a thermometer will be required, and care taken not to have it rise above ninety degrees. The bed should be provided with a shading of cheap cloth, so that the glass may be partially removed for ventilation and reduction of temperature without exposure to the sun. In this process there is no difficulty but such as arises from the constant watchfulness that is required to regulate temperature and moisture. A person who is determined to become a good cultivator will succeed in this, and find both his habit of attention and his knowledge greatly improved by the practice of one season. This is a miniature 'propagating house,' and requires all of the attention of a large one; and in this many of the best of plants may be grown. Protection from tearing winds is needed or desirable, for a great part of the season, to secure the best growth of the young vines, so that both wood and roots may be well matured the first season."

To his third inquiry, as to grafting, I will say, that it has been clearly proved, by experiment that grafted vines are greatly inferior in every respect to those produced by the other methods, in fact, I would not advise any one to graft vines if they wished to preserve the health and purity of the stock.

To his fourth question—I consider the east side of a building or wall preferable to the West for vines, although the South is better than either.

To his next question, as to whether limestone clay land is as suitable for vineyards as gravelly soil, I should say, that, for my own part, a clay soil would be the last I should choose for a vineyard. A light, rich soil I consider superior to all others for this purpose.

The sixth question is—In what way are bones best prepared for manuring grapevines? There are several methods for preparing bones as a manure. One way is to pound up the bones, throw them in a high plank box, and then mix oil of vitriol with its weight of water and pour upon the bones. Use one hundred parts of bones to about forty of oil of vitriol. Let them stand a short time, the longer the better, then use. Another way is to throw them into a hole with decaying animal matter, or manure, and let them remain five or six months, then take all out together. Another method still, is to mix fresh pounded bones with carbonate of potash, or wood ashes; use after about two months.

"Where can cuttings of all or a part of the following grapes be obtained: Delaware, Ontario, Oporto, Concord and Cassedy, and at what price?" M.

Bradford County, Pa., 1863.

Those having the descriptions inquired after for sale would do well to make the fact known by public advertisement.

BARREN PEACH TREES.—*Black Swamp, O.*—Seeing an inquiry in the "Dollar Newspaper" of February 18th, wishing to know how to make barren peach trees bear, I will give the inquirer the benefit of my experience and observation. In the spring, as soon as the frost is out of the ground, take a spade and cut a ring around the tree, by putting the spade the whole length of the blade in the ground, two, three, four or five feet from the trunk, according to the size of the tree. If that does not produce the desired effect, the next spring cut another one nearer the tree, taking care not to come so near as to cut too many of the roots. When the tree is very thrifty, cut off a part of the last year's growth. I will warrant your tree to bear if it is thrifty. I have tried this remedy and seen it tried, and never knew it to fail. Care should be taken not to allow the tree to bear too much when young.

RINGBONE IN HORSES.—*Bradford County, Pa.*—One of your correspondents, "Theta," of Centre county, Pa., wishes to know the most efficacious remedy for ringbone in horses. I have known the following to prove successful. Apply to the surface of the ringbone a small quantity of *aquafortis*, or, as it is more properly called, *nitric acid*. Shave off the hair before applying it. Use twice a day until it has created a running sore, or until it has eaten through the ringbone, then apply grease to check its action. Afterward use liniment or anything to heal up the wound. J. M.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRIES.

TOBACCO IN ORCHARDS.—*Stanton, N. J.*—Can any one of the readers of the "Dollar Newspaper" give information, from experience, or otherwise, whether growing tobacco in an apple orchard, will injure the trees more than what substance it naturally draws from the soil? I have found from trial, last year, that it both grows and ripens well in the shade. I have a young orchard I would like to plant, if, by so doing, it will not harm the trees. Any information given concerning it will be thankfully received. W. G. W.

CHICORY.—Can any of the numerous subscribers of the "Dollar Newspaper" tell where the seed of chicory can be obtained, and at what price? When to plant, and how to cultivate? The high price of coffee is putting it beyond the reach of most poor people, and why can we not raise our own chicory? ADDIE.

TOBACCO.—*Bucks County, Pa.*—Will some one of the numerous readers of the "Dollar Newspaper" inform a subscriber as to what kind of machinery is used to cut smoking tobacco, and also where can it be obtained, and at what price? Any information in regard to the above inquiry will be thankfully received by A SUBSCRIBER.

PLUM TREES.—I have a fine young plum tree, which thrives well and makes wood very fast, but has never produced but one crop of fruit. Can any one of your numerous readers inform me how to remedy the evil and make it fruitful? K.

HEMP CULTURE.

To raise Hemp the best soil is a black rich mould, underlying which should be a tough yellow clay, such as is generally found in our best soils in Kentucky and the Western States. The ground should be plowed in March, then rebroken in the first days of May or just before sowing time, and have the land as free from clods as possible. From the first to the tenth of May, you may commence sowing, putting on strong land about one and a quarter bushels of clean seed broadcast. Following the sower, you will harrow in, being particular that your harrow shall run crosswise the last plowing, thus covering the seed to a sufficient depth. After harrowing both ways, you will roll carefully, and the work of sowing is completed.

When the leaves in the month of August begin to turn yellow and the dust peculiar to hemp begins to rise, you will cut as near the ground as possible with the Kentucky hemp knife. Then after two or three days' curing, tie up in proper sized bundles and stack immediately after the binders. It should remain in the stacks until the first or second week in November, when the spreading preparatory to watering should begin.

It will, in usual seasons, require from 2¼ to 4 months' time before the process of breaking can commence, which is best done with the Missouri and Kentucky hemp brake. The best hands, with properly watered hemp, will be able to break and clean ready for market, from 100 to 250 lbs. per day. For the convenience of shipping or hauling, it is best to bale in quantities containg about 150 to 200 lbs. to the bale.

The seed can best be raised as you would cultivate Indian corn, by plowing, being careful to pull out the non-bearing stalks, which will cause it to branch and to bear heavily.

The best Western soils will produce from 600 to 1,100 pounds per acre, which, at the present prices, you will perceive will remunerate the farmer handsomely—perhaps better than most other crops, particularly when we remember that hemp is very slightly injurious to the soil, as it is frequently cultivated successfully on the same ground for eight and ten successive years.

A vast source of profit will be derived by our farmers who will cultivate this crop, as from the present scarcity of cotton it will doubtless be used to a large extent for clothing as well as for the many purposes for which it has entered in to competition as one of the great staples of our country.

ORCHARD AND NURSERY.

The open season will probably allow of early work in this department. Send orders to the nurseryman as soon as a selection can be made. This is likely to be a busy month in the nursery, and the nurseryman should be prepared with everything that will facilitate his spring's business.

APPLE TREES.—Scrape the trunks of old trees, and wash with a strong solution of soft soap or weak lye. Plant early. See if there is not some unoccupied spot that will admit of a tree. The list of varieties determined by the fruit growers' meeting will be too late for this month's paper, but will appear in April. There are certain standard sorts that are good everywhere, and others have been proved by your neighbors. Plant largely of the best market varieties, and fewer of the fancy sorts for home use.

GRAFTING.—This may be done with cherries. Other fruits should be left until next month. Root grafting if not already finished, should be completed and out of the way of other work. If you are so unfortunate as to have an orchard of poor natural fruit, make preparations to graft it with good sorts. If the cutting of scions has been neglected until now, attend to it at once, and keep them in earth or sand until wanted.

INSECTS.—No trees should be sent from the nursery or planted that are covered with scale. The moths of some destructive worms ascend the trunks during the present month. Paper smeared with tar mixed with oil enough to keep it soft, and tied around the trees, will arrest a great number.

MANURES.—Ground for planting should be prepared with well decomposed manure. The practice of surface manuring fruit trees is growing in favor. The soluble portions are carried down by rains, and the course material is left as a mulch.

PRUNING should this month be confined to removing dead limbs and cutting out small shoots and suckers. If necessary to make a large wound, cover it with grafing wax or other composition.

TRANSPLANTING AND PLANTING OUT may be done with deciduous trees and shrubs as soon as the frost is well out of the ground, and it is not wet and heavy. Evergreens should not be moved at present.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

THE CULTURE OF FLAX.

I respectfully request to call your attention to the subject of flax culture, which seems to me at this time to be of special importance The quotations to-day, of Calcutta Linseed, are $3 97 to $4 per bushel of 52 lbs., which would bring American flaxseed at about $3 30 per bushel of 56 lbs., in the usual proportion of prices. Flax is quoted at 25 to 30 cents per pound, by the various holders of that grown in this country. It would seem to me to be most desirable to stimulate the production here to the utmost limit, both for the profit of the producer and the effect on exchange. I notice that the various grades of wheat are quoted at $1 39 to $1 95 per bushel, and from all reports I have seen, it is fair to count the crop of flaxseed as about two-thirds that of wheat per acre on lands suited to it. Say ten bushels flaxseed to fifteen bushels wheat, would give, at $1 65 for wheat, $24 85, and for flaxseed at $3 30, $33. A balance in favor of flaxseed of $8 15 per acre, besides the difference between the value of the flax straw and the wheat straw, which is more than enough to cover all the extra expense of seed, cultivation, and securing the crop. Where there are good facilities for dressing the lint, an average crop at present prices, say 250 pounds per acre, would add largely to the profit. I hope that some of your correspondents will furnish your columns with a series of articles on the subject, with a view to disseminate the fullest information in regard to the culture of flax, the proper soils for its growth, and the peculiar treatment required upon the different soils upon which it can be grown. It seems to me the truest kind of patriotism in the present hour of our country's trial, to take unsparing pains to develope every material resource possible, and being from my occupation somewhat conversant with the use of this product, I have ventured to call attention to it in this manner. A. E. P.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philad

ITEMS.

The brine in which pork and other meats have been pickled is a deadly poison to horses and hogs.

In pruning, and whenever the rind or bark of a tree is abraded, bruised or knocked off, the wounds should immediately have a coating of wax, varnish, plaster or paint.

In many localities there is often a great difficulty in getting *soft water* for washing. To remedy this evil, have, in a sheltered place, a tub or barrel half full of wood ashes, and fill it up with water, to make a ley, so that you may have it whenever you want it. A gallon of strong ley put into a great kettle of hard water will make it as soft as rain water. Some people use pearlash or potash, but this is very apt to injure the texture of the cloth.

Before using a *brass kettle* for cooking, clean it with salt and vinegar.

Oil Cloth should never be scrubbed with a brush, but, after being first swept, it should be cleansed by washing with a large soft cloth and lukewarm or cold water. On no account use soap or hot water, as either will bring off the paint.

Flowers and Shrubs should be excluded from a bed-chamber. PERSCRUTATIO.

Durham, Bucks Co., Pa., 1863.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

RECIPES.

HOW TO MAKE BUTTER IN WINTER.—Save nothing but clear cream in a pan or pail, stir with your hand, as its warmth warms the cream and prevents frothy butter. Try it, you who have but little cream.

TEA CAKE WITHOUT EGGS.—one cup of sugar, one cup of cream or milk, half cup of meat drippings or butter, salt and soda, any kind of seasoning you like, and flour to make a stiff batter. Bake in a quick oven. A. M. T.

BATTER PUDDING.—One cup of sour cream; one cup of buttermilk; one egg; one teaspoonful of saleratus. Add enough flour to make a thin batter. Put in a buttered pail and boil two hours in a kettle of boiling water.

TO KILL LICE ON CALVES.—Take a good sized tow string, grease it well, then rub on it a quantity of unguentum and tie it around the calf's neck, and the vermin will soon skedaddle. I think it perfectly safe and effectual, as I have tried it repeatedly in cold winter weather.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

SIRE AND SON.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO J. W.

A young officer of the Sixth N. J. Volunteers and author of the "Picket Guard."

"Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

Liberty! how I love that word, 'twas to my father, dear;
For, with *freedom* for their watchword, they battled without fear.
On Saratoga's dreadful field, on Jersey's blood-stain'd ground,
Sternly repelling the well arm'd foe, *sire* and *son* were found.
I seem to see before me now, just in the prime of life,
A noble high-browed woman—it was my grandsire's wife—
"Go forth! my darling husband, show Britannia your worth,
Go forth! I'll weep and pray for thee, beside our lonely hearth.
No more shall George's minions insult our people brave,
No more shall George, himself, treat us like to a base born slave.
Were I a *man* like my husband, I would march at thy dear side,
And the bower of her colonies, England should ne'er deride."
She need not thus have pleaded in that *brave* though *fal'tring* voice.
At the first sound of danger to the country of his choice,
My grandsire's lion-spirit rous'd—he buckled on his sword—
And forth he went to battle for his *country* and his *God*.
"God keep thee! wife and little one, and shield thee from all harm,
When bereft of the protection of my too loving arm.
And, remember, if in battle, Willie or I am slain,
That for *Liberty* to die is a *pleasure*, not a pain."*
And time roll'd on—the haughty foe were driven from our shore—
But the *arm chair* in the corner shall be *vacant* evermore,
My father said his little sons should both be soldiers, too,
And in Mexico we fought, beneath the red, white and blue;
Cover'd with honor we return'd to the home we lov'd so well,
And thoughts of *war* upon our minds had almost *ceased* to dwell,
When, lo! a cloud arises in Columbia's happy land,
The first shot at old Sumpter found our swords within our hands.
Under our *noble leader* we have conquered, we have won,
Upon the blue Potomac's shore again fight *sire* and *son*,
And when within our jolly camp, we sit us down to rest,
I tell him how his *sires* fought for America, "the blest." JESSAMINE.

Burlington, March 19th, 1863.

* The last words of Marco Bozarris.

THE REBELLION.

THE IRON-CLADS IN BATTLE.

Their Invulnerability Tested.

The late attacks upon Fort McAllister were made to test the resisting qualities of the iron-clads in an encounter with solid shot. The experiment was entirely satisfactory. They stood a hammering for eight hours from the rebel batteries, were frequently struck, but, in no case did they sustain any material injury. One of these engagements is described as follows:

THE PILOT-HOUSE SVRUCK.

About half-past eight o'clock our pilot-house was hit a tremendous blow by a shot. Your correspondent was at the instant of impact on one knee, writing a paragraph in his note book. The shock was somewhat severe, and afterwards he found that the shot struck close to his head. It unbalanced me, and I tumbled over against the side of the narrow pilot-house, when, to my surprise, I was struck by a piece of iron bolt with the nut attached, (weighing about one pound), first on the shoulder and then on the knee. Some of the other bolts were knocked out. The iron was, no doubt, of an inferior quality, and had they been of the same character as those in the turret such an event would not have taken place. In view of such an accident, and suffering from the shock, I left the pilot-house. I feel satisfied that the pilot-house is as strong as any part of the vessel, but the bolts will have to be protected from flying inwards, which can be done in a few hours.

INVULNERABILITY OF THE IRON-CLADS.

The enemy were hitting us every two or three minutes, but in nowise doing the vessel any harm. The remainder of my experience of the engagement is written from notes taken below decks.

CLOSE ACTION.

At twenty-seven minutes past seven we anchored about six hundred yards from the fort, and well over on the right bank of the river. We could look right into the muzzles of their guns. After anchoring we went "to quarters," and cleared the turret for action. Just before letting go the anchor, the enemy fired his [illegible] which was followed in rapid succession by four others.

GENERAL ENGAGEMENT.

The gunboats now opened their fire from their anchorage, about one mile and three-quarters from the fort. At a quarter before eight o'clock our fifteen-inch belched forth her volume of fire and shell; but the smoke which settled around the turret precluded our seeing its effect. The enemy had the advantage of us, and blazed away at us very rapidly.

THE MONTAUK HIT.

At seven minutes to eight o'clock a ten-inch shot struck our turret fair and square, then flew into ten thousand fragments. I was in the pilot house, watching with much interest the duel between the fort and the vessels, but did not even up there we were not able to see the effect of our shot, while the enemy were rapidly hitting us with their projectiles.

SMOKE AND FOG.

At a few minutes past eight o'clock, the enemy and ourselves were obliged to slacken fire, on account of the dense smoke, which, mingling with the mist, veiled us from each other's vision. While waiting for the weather to clear up some of our people went outside of the turret, and, upon examination, found several shot marks, but everything was all right. Scarcely had they left the inside of the turret before the enemy again opened his fire with greater accuracy than before, and then we went at it again, firing as rapidly as circumstances would allow.

BELOW DECKS.

The sensation below decks was far different from that which I experienced in the pilot house, on Tuesday last, for four hours and a half and the two hours of to-day. The sound of our own guns was more acute and unpleasant, and well it might be, when it is taken into consideration that the whole volume of sound from the discharge of each gun passed directly over and within a few inches of our heads, and the concussion passing into the system through the brain by the top of the head. I cannot say that it was painful, but it was far from pleasant, and, in addition to this, you were scarcely ever able to hear the word of command when the guns were fired. To hear the officers say, "Are you ready?"—"Fire!" takes off much of the unpleasantness of the shock; but below you do not have that warning. About half-past nine o'clock the enemy was a little more reserved in his fire, firing only when our port holes were turned towards the fort. Then he would "let slip the dogs of war," in hopes to get a shot or shell inside our turret. We fired both guns on an average once in four minutes, which was quite often enough for the comfort of the enemy, as we were tearing down his huge traverses and destroying his parapets; but they were of such colossal proportions that it would take more time and ordnance stores than we could devote to the object.

THE REBELS SUFFERING.

Of one thing we felt pretty certain, that was, in the early part of the action the enemy were using more than one heavy gun; but now they were reduced to one ten-inch columbiad.

EFFECTS OF OUR BIG SHELLS.

We could see that the parapets were severely injured, while the huge traverses bore deep marks of our shells. But yet, in the main, the work bid fair to stand for some hours longer, and our ammunition was too costly to be used with such an object in view, and it was decided to discontinue the action before noon.

UP ANCHOR.

At twenty minutes to twelve, the windlass was manned and the chain slowly hove in, and at seven minutes before meridian the anchor was away, and we were drifting down the narrow river. The enemy, rejoicing over our departure, manned his guns and blazed away as lively as he could; but at the best it was slower than earlier in the day. Our gunboats then in their shells occasionally, while the enemy's ten-inch mortar in vain endeavored to land a shell on their decks.

THE RECALL.

Captain Worden recalled our little fleet, and ordered them to steam down the river or out of range of the enemy's guns and anchor. At a few minutes before one o'clock we were at our old anchorage.

THE SHOT MARKS.

All hands were on deck looking at the effect of the enemy's shot upon us, and it was not long before they were joined by others from the gunboats, who had seen the shots strike us, and had come on board to see the marks. We bear some marks of a heavy hammering, and yet we are as good as new—better, we think—as we show proof-marks of our invulnerability.

We were struck by the enemy's projectiles as follows: Turret, times, 16; pilot house, 3; smokestack, 7; side armor, 7; deck armor, 8; rig, 1; cutter, 1; mooring spars for boats, 2; spare anchor, 1; flagstaffs shot away, 2. Total, 48.

WONDERFUL RESISTANCE OF OUR PLATING.

The enemy put two of his shots quite near our port-holes, both being between the inner line of them.

The pilot house was struck by one rifled and two round shot.

The smokestack is well ventilated and looks something like a pepperbox for a giant. The holes do not injure its draught.

The side armor is well marked, but the indentations in no wise injure the vessel.

The deck armor is badly scarred; but no ill effects accrue from them, and it is believed that the deck will not leak at the point of impact.

The boats can be easily repaired and the spars replaced. One of our spare anchors, which was lashed at the base of the jacket of the smoke stack, was broken by a shot.

The flagstaff at the stern was shot away, the flag falling over the stump, where it remained through the action, and till taken down by our quartermasters; the staff on the pilot house, which bore the pennant, was also cut away, while the forward staff, with an ensign flying, escaped unharmed. The flag received nine holes through it in our first fight.

THE PASSAIC'S EXPERIENCES.

They hit the Passaic several times, landing a ten-inch shot on the top of her turret, whole and uninjured. They also hit her fair and square on her deck with an eleven-inch mortar shell, which, strange to say, did not do any material damage, except of course, tearing the armor. It struck between the beams. I begin to think you cannot injure our iron-clads in any manner possible. She was hit thirty-three times, and I have the same old story to write, "Nobody hurt, and no damage done." I could not have been made to believe that these vessels could withstand shot, shell, torpedoes, used in every conceivable manner, until I saw with my own eyes the results. It is wonderful and strange.

Yankeedom is quite a place after all, and genius, which is not heeded abroad, is brought out here, fostered, and now brings us untold results. All honor to Ericsson, and praise and distinction to the gallant commanding officers and crews of the wonderful Monitor batteries.

I visited all the iron-clads this evening, and found their people in excellent spirits at their exploits and the congratulations they received from anxious inquirers. They were tired, it is true; but forgetting that Fort McAllister was only a target, they wanted to go up again in the morning to tear down the work.

ADMIRAL PORTER'S MOCK MONITOR.

AN ENTERTAINING ACCOUNT OF HER EXPLOITS WRITTEN BY THE ADMIRAL.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Friday Evening, March 13, 1863.—The following in eresting account of the exploits of the mock Monitor, is from a private letter written to a gentleman of this city, by Acting Rear-Admiral David D. Porter, commanding the Mi-sissippi Squadron. It will be found to be very entertaining:

U. S. MISSISSIPPI SQUADRON,
YAZOO RIVER, Thursday, Feb. 26, 1863.

My Dear ——: We are all in quite a state of excitement here, in consequence of the appearance of the ram Queen of the West at Warrenton, seven miles below Vicksburg, with the Webb, the rebel flag flying. She was discovered early yesterday morning lying there with steam up, ready for a start. The second I received from Commodore Ellet led me to believe that she was in such a condition that she could not be repaired for some time; you may judge of my surprise, then, when told she was near Vicksburg. I always thought the ram crew skedaddled without any necessity, and now I am pretty well convinced of it; at all events they spoiled a very important operation—holding possession of the Mississippi River between Vicksburg and Fort Hudson, and cutting off all supplies. The rebels had only one vessel on the whole river; that was the Webb, a worn-out, leaking vessel, and not in any way to be feared; hence we should have had things all our own way. There were on the way and past Vicksburg twelve good guns, such as they have not got in all "rebeldom"—at least in this part of it—and three vessels; one, it is true, was an old ferry-boat that we had captured, but she had a gun on, and would have answered to protect the coal barges, while the other two cruised together. Well, all that was knocked in the head, by the ram getting ashore, through the treachery of the pilot, under a battery.

The prize New Era, and the persons who escaped, were only saved from capture by meeting the Indianola, which vessel made the Webb turn back, and she (the Webb) escaped up Red river. I knew that Brown could take care of the Webb by himself, but I have no idea that he will be a match for the Queen and Webb both ramming him at the same time. The Indianola is a weak vessel, and the only good thing about her is her battery.

Amid the incidents of war ridiculous things occur, and I must tell you of a little affair that happened here, and has created great mirth on our side, notwithstanding the loss of the queen. I think the loss of that vessel is worse than the affair of the Galveston squadron. I have scarcely patience to write about it, or to be amused at anything.

During the time of the running of the blockade by the Queen of the West and the Indianola, five of the guns in the forts at Vicksburg were burst and dismounted; therefore it was an object to make the enemy fire as much as possible. I got a mortar in easy range, and opened on that part of the town where there was nothing but army supplies, and soon proved a fire of four of their heavy batteries The shell at first fell over the mortar and around it, bursting close to our men, but the range began to grow shorter, until they let us have it all our own way.

Finding that they could not be provoked to fire without an object, I thought of getting up an imitation Monitor. Ericsson saved the country with an iron one—why could I not save it with a wooden one? An old coal-barge, picked up in the river, was the foundation to build on. It was built of old boards in twelve hours, with pork barrels on top of each other for smoke stacks, and two forty-two hundred pounder boats; her furnaces were built of mud, and only intended to make black smoke and not steam.

Without knowing that Brown was in peril, I let loose our Monitor. When it was descried by the dim light of the morn, never did the batteries of Vicksburg open such a fusilade; the earth fairly trembled, and the shot flew thick around the devoted Monitor. But she ran safely past all the batteries, though under fire for an hour, and drifted down to the lower mouth of the canal. She was a much better looking vessel than the Indianola.

When it was broad daylight they opened on her again with all the guns they could bring to bear, without a shot hitting her *to do any harm*, because they did not make her settle in the water, though going in at one side and out at another. *She was already full of water.* The solid shot from our army shouted and laughed like mad, but the laugh was somewhat against them when they subsequently discovered the Queen of the West lying at the wharf at Warrenton. The question was asked, what had happened to the Indianola? Had the two rams sunk her or run her ashore in the engagement we heard the night before? The sounds of cannon had receded down the river, which led us to believe that Brown was chasing the Webb, and that the Queen had got up past him.

One or two soldiers got the Monitor out in the stream again, and let her go down on the ram Queen. All the forts commenced firing and signalling, and as the Monitor approached the Queen she turned tail and ran down river as fast as she could go, the Monitor after her making all the speed that was given her by a five-knot current. The forts at Warrenton fired furiously, but rapidly, as the Monitor did not return the fire with her wooden guns, but proceeded down after the Queen of the West. An hour after this the same heavy firing that we had heard the night before came booming up on the still air.

A rain commenced which defies all efforts to describe, and has been falling ever since, inundating everything around here, and shutting out all sounds excepting the thunders of heaven, which are reverberating all the time, day and night. You can form as good an idea of affairs below as I can. I shall not believe in the safety of the Indianola until I see her.

The firing of the heavy guns may have been a ruse to entice some more of our gunboats down there, but it won't succeed. Brown may be there and out of coal, and I am afraid to set a coal barge adrift for fear the ram might pick it up and use it as a battering ram around with it, for they have a short supply now.

SUFFERING AND DESTITUTION IN VIRGINIA.

A correspondent of the Richmond Enquirer, writing on the 11th inst, says:

Your correspondent has endeavored, in previous communications, to present your readers with some idea of the pecuniary losses and destruction of property to which the people here have been subjected.

The personal suffering remains to be told. Much of it, perhaps the greater part, will never be known save to the afflicted individuals themselves or their families, for the parties are naturally slow to acknowledge their privations and necessities. Indeed, your correspondent, although fully acquainted with the population, was not aware of the facts of their condition until he had made investigation. The inquiry was prompted by his observation of the return of many of the fugitives to their ruined homes.

A ride through the region where they have sought refuge revealed the truth. The day was raw, and the roads one mass of mud,